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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Deserted.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Mother! within this heart the spring
Of life is withered up, and now
I feel upon my pallid brow,
The dewy death-damps gathering.
Yet lead me forth, that I may share,
While life still lingers, the soft sigh
Of summer's gentlest evening air.

Stealing on lingual pinions by,
And place me 'neath the old elm tree
Whose ample spreading canopy
Our forms oft sheltered, but of late
As this time-worn, is desolate.

Yes, lead me there—he seeth its shade
Our earliest vows of love were plighted,
While round the lessons altar play'd
The brightening flame that Hope had lighted,
Ere the spirit's buoyance had fled—
The rose leaf from this wan cheek driven—
And the bloom that marks the early dead
In sad exchange to me was given.

Oh, had we (that we yet the list
Sad sigh that breaks the immortal soul,
Within its chamber's stern control
From the so pale wathering lips both parted,
Are yet these lingual excitable roll
In death's delirium—lead me there,
Three hygone hours to parcon fraught,
To memory's ear so fondly dear,
With each bright dream of hope, each thought,
And each sad sigh again shall come
To dissipate my spirit's gloom,
And plunge me in those centuries
Where only birth-place is the skies.

Each flattering deal shall softly sigh
Some well remembered melody
Of bygone days, beneath it sung
While music's spirit, at his touch,
Leapt into life, and gently flung
Around her deep, low tones, of such
Wild associations that yet never
Had entered, and not wished to be,
So gently were the strings put on,
Woven by art in chaste eternality,
Yet never shall the lays be breathed
With melting sadness, while he wreathed
Flowers of unrivall'd loveliness
To bind each waving tress.
With these wild melody awaken
One thrill within this fluttering heart,
So lone, so desolate, forsaken,
Whose life pulse can send upon depart
Again the minute some shall spring
Where fascinated some truth's seeming well,
And some starter breath's look instant wing,
Leaving me chasm impalpable,
Or wounded heart to wear—but hush!
Memory! hid not thy fantastic gush
My spirit sinks, my life blood now
Ebbs with a tinger, desultory flow
And some disembalming orbs shall be
Quenched in the dream of Eternity!

Philadelphia 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

"My Far Distant Home."

SONNET BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

I've wandered afar 'mid the isle of the sea,
Where the orange flower sheds its perfume;
I've sat 'neath the lemon and pomegranate tree,
And have thought of my far distant home.

Oft times I have pictured my mother's fair form,
And her voice seemed like music to me;
It stole on my ear, 'mid the blast of the storm,
And I thought of my far distant home.

I've gazed with delight on the silvery moon,
And recalled to mem'ry fond lessons
I've looked on the sunbeam of mellow noon,
Still, I thought of my far distant home.

An exchange we have, can ever efface,
While far from my kindred I roam;
The land of my fathers, where sweet smiling peace
Crowns with blessings my far distant home.

Hudson, N. Y. 1841.

Original Article.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

General Washington's Appointment.

AS DETAILED RELATED BY JOHN ADAMS, SENIOR

The following account of the appointment of General Washington to the supreme command of the continental army, June 16th, 1775, has been placed in our hands by a gentleman in whose veracity we have full confidence. We cannot therefore doubt the authenticity of the anecdotes he gives. Take all for base, of late years, been brought before the public under various versions, and has in every shape attracted attention. The account we now give is an extract from a private journal, narrating a conversation with John Adams, Senior, before that great and good man was called to his final rest. The relation is more in detail than that which has hitherto been made public, but it solves doubtly corroborates the former versions of the event which led to the appointment of Washington. It is, we should, in any way, affect the anecdote, we give it in the very words of the narrator.—*Eds. Post.*

The army was assembled at Cambridge, Mass. under General Ward, and Congress was sitting at Philadelphia. Every day a application in behalf of the army arrived. The country were urgent that Congress should legalize the raising of the army; for until they had, it must be considered that was in law considered only a mob, a band of armed rebels. The country was placed in circumstances of peculiar delicacy and danger. The struggle had begun, and yet every thing was without order. The great trial now seemed to be in this question,—Who should be Commander in Chief? It was exceedingly important, and was felt to be the hinge on which the contest might turn for or against us. The Southern and Middle States, warm and rapid in their zeal, for the most part, were jealous of New England, because they felt that the real physical force was here; what, then, was to be done? All New England adored Gen. Ward; he had been in the French war; and went out laden with laurels. He was a scholar and a gentleman. Every qualification seemed to cluster in him; and it was confidently believed that the army could not receive any Commander over him. What, then, was to be done? Difficulties thickened at every step. The struggle was to be long and bloody. Without union all was lost. The country and the whole country must come in. One plantation must beat through all hearts. The cause was one and the aim must be one. The members had talked, debated, considered, and guessed, and yet the decisive step had not been taken. At length Mr. Adams came to his conclusion. The means of developing it were somewhat singular, and nearly so tedious. He was walking one morning before Congress Hall, apparently in deep thought, when his cousin Samuel Adams came up to him and said,

"What is the topic with you this morning."

"On the army, the army," he replied, "I am determined what to do about the army at Cambridge, I am determined to go into the hall this morning, and enter on a full detail of the state of the Colonies, in order to show the absolute need of taking some decisive steps. My whole aim will be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of these United Colonies of North America; and then to hint at my election of a Commander-in-Chief."

"Well," said Samuel Adams, "I like that, cousin John, but on whom have you fixed as this Commander?"

"I will tell you—George Washington, of Virginia, a member of this House."

"Oh," replied Samuel Adams quickly, "that will never do, never, never."

"It must do, it shall do," said John, "and for these reasons, the Southern and Middle States are both to enter heartily into the cause, and their arguments are potent; they see that New England holds the physical power in her hands, and they fear the result. A New England army, a New England Commander, with New England perseverance all united, appal them. For this cause they hang back. Now, the only course is, to allay their fears, and give them nothing to complain of; and this can be done in no other way but by appointing a Southern Chief over this force; then all will feel secure, then all will rush to the standard. This policy will bind us in one mass, and that mass will be resistless."

At this, Samuel Adams seemed greatly moved. They talked over the preliminary circumstances, and John asked his cousin to second his motion. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor and put forth all his strength in the deliberations he had prepared, all aiming at the adoption of the army. He was ready to own the army, appoint a Commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business. After his speech had been finished, some doubted, some objected, and some feared. His warmth increased with the occasion, and to all these doubts and hesitations, he replied,

"Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she, she will undertake the struggle alone—yes, with a strong arm and a clear conscience she will front the foe single-handed."

This had the desired effect. They saw New England was neither playing nor to be played with; they agreed to appoint a day—the day was fixed. It came. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, urged the measure, and after debate it passed.

The next thing was to get a Commander for this army, with supplies, &c. All looked to Mr. Adams on this occasion; and he was ready. He took the floor, and went into a minute delineation of the character of General Ward, bestowing on him the epithets which, thus, belonged to no one else. At the end of this eulogy, he said, "but this is not the man I have chosen." He then went into a delineation of the character of a Commander-in-Chief, such as was required by the peculiar situation of the Colonies at that juncture. And after he had presented the qualifications in his strongest language, and given the reasons for the nomination he was about to make, he said—

"Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful at this crisis, in this Chief, does any one say they are not to be obtained in the country? I reply, they are, they reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, OF VIRGINIA."

Washington, who sat on Mr. Adams right hand, was looking him intently in the face, to watch the name he was about to announce; and not expecting it would be his own, he sprang from his seat the moment he heard it, and rushed into an adjoining room. Mr. Adams had asked his cousin Samuel to move for an adjournment as soon as the nomination was made, in order to give the members time to deliberate, and the result is before the world.

I asked Mr. Adams, among other questions, the following:

"Did you never doubt of the success of the conflict?"

"No, no," said he, "not for a moment, I expected to be losing and quartered, if I was caught; but no matter for that, my country would be free; I knew George the III. could not forge chains long enough and strong enough to reach around these States."

Foreign Magazines.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for November

Minnie.

BY MRS. HOWARD PAYNE.

What! pity for her, when she's in the hand, the lost!
When stand she so in need of pity's as you?
On the wild sea of stormy passion rent!
With jostling thinking chaise ordained her lean!
Were innocent, as pure as angel's her son.
But soon, in them she must make forget!

Yet we so more of innocent state,
Why not she will quite be as pure here.
I know to feel, and know I must sigh
The latter agony of my dread artist.
Still is her name so sinned to my ear?
It seems to have a challenge to be dear!

That heart is lacerated for my tears.
Have proved at its close, and yet
The flow in that bosom if on its blinks for years.
Hope's fine is, and fond heart wounded and gay,
And now, alas! it only dark remains
The chaos that remains ever burning to pain
O, how I sighed one of her form of light,
Though darkness of life was and sorrow now
Shining resplendent as a comet bright
That steals from heaven to kiss the poet's brow!
There was it yet in blessings, like a gem
Polished to grace a seraph's diadem

And there, though tramplied on, deserted, spurned—
It still will shine, but with a tinter ray,
As lamps that glow in some lone tomb
Shed a diamond radiance round the mouldering clay.
Yet, all so vain!, it will be the sole light,
That ever breaks the gloom of that heart's night

From the London Metropolitan Magazine for November

Deaf Uncle Jeffery,

And the Little Old Maid.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

Never was such a commotion known in the annals of domestic snoopery and leisurely and solitudinary and dusty. All good home scenes know how to turn a house upside down, and how to throw it out of the window, and the dwelling into which we are about to introduce our readers was just in this agreeable predicament. The curtains were down and the carpets were up; the fires were out and the swoops were in; the floors were wet and the cisterns were dry; everything was out of its place in the endeavor to put everything into it, and the whole household was in disorder against being put in order—and all because an old uncle was coming.

All the little and the great Pokenhams were unsettled, and muddled, and dubbed. Mrs. Pokenham took upon herself the office of drill-sergeant.

"Now, girls, no quarrelling, no scrambling, no fighting, no calling, no scuffling—your old uncle's coming. Now, boys, no hooting, and rollicking, and game-playing—stand and put the best side out, and behave decently—your old uncle's coming. And now, where's Fanny Carr? She's always out of the way when she ought to be in it, and in it when she ought to be out of it. Can't any of you find me Fanny Carr? I want to give her some hints and orders, because my old uncle's coming."

A little plain unfeminine old maid, somewhere about four feet four inches and a half in height, about six stone six pounds six ounces in weight, and a conjunction something between saffron and sienna-blue, and dressed in a garb of hoggish date, was presently pulled out of a corner by the young Pokenhams.

"Fanny Carr," said Mrs. Pokenham, "have you done those few trifling things that I desired? Have you seen fresh linen put upon the best bed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And have you cured the chimney-board of rattling?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the windows of shaking?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you see that the best jack and the slippers were placed ready to air?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And Mr. Pokenham's old new dressing-gown in his hands?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you see that the coffee was properly cleared?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the chicken and bottle of wine all ready to be brought up?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You know my uncle's coming?"

"Has anybody told anybody that my uncle's coming?" asked Mrs. Pokenham.

"Not a soul of us!" exclaimed omnes.

"That's right. Why, if it were once known, we should have all the world and his wife here in less than no time. The Sculamores would be racketing and tolling here, and Christopher and Kate running, and earnearing, and blarnearing, and they'd try with a witness to get my old uncle from me."

"They'd get a troublesome customer," said Miss Pokenham the first.

"Yes, but you that I hope will pay well. Now, girls, if you dare to show any of your quizzings, and biffings, and black looks, you'll spoil all, and we shall lose all my old uncle's share in the Bank of England. As for you, Jane, if you fall into that old trick you have got of turning up your nose at everybody—and you, Margaret, of curling up your lip at everything—and you, boys, of badgering, and bantering, and worrying, why, we shall just be throwing away all uncle Jeff's Bank stock and landed estates; and we may as well have them, for we have as much right to them as anybody else."

"I wish you may get them," said Master Daniel.

"Most rare Daniel!" said Master Humphrey; "I wish I may."

Thanks to the little sister of the primitive old maids, Fanny Carr, everything was at length in perfect readiness; the carpets were all down, and the curtains all up; the floors were dry, and the fires were lit; the covers were strip from the best chairs, the sofa wheeled to the best place, the fire was blazing in all the beauty of comfort, convenience, and contiguity, and every face arranged so as to look delighted at the arrival of tiresome, troublesome, cross, snappish old uncle Jeff. There came a sound of very brilliant flipping of horses; everybody strained their eyes; the Royal Blue flew past in grand style, the horses prancing and capering, and the guard making nobody with a bugle horn; on it whirled and whirled, never stopping for anybody, and of course no uncle Jeff could be there, and so two hebdomadal years spent in fidgeting and dressings; and then the slow coach was heard coming lumbering and trailing along, and it stopped at the steps of the respectable house where had been all the dusting and mopping and brushing and brogging, and a great masculine head, with thick heavy features, and bushy eyebrows, and large lips, poked it self out of the window, and looked up to the house in question, surveying its well heart-toned ship, and its clean windows, and the scarlet moreen curtains through them, and the bright fire of the cheerful fire glowing and flickering over the window-frames, with a most resolute unpleasable look; whereupon Mrs. Pokenham, and all the train of Pokenhams, little and big, rushed out of the parlor into the hall, and out of the hall on to the door-steps, and Mrs. Pokenham began to delight her own benevolent heart by assuring herself and her uncle, and congratulating herself upon the information, that her dear, kind, good uncle Jeffery was really looking full twenty years younger than when she last saw him.

"Dear uncle Jeffery! how kind of you to come and see us! how delighted I am to receive you into the bosom of my affectionate family! My dear Mr. Pokenham will be as rejoiced to find you amongst us, and all my darling children have been so anxious to welcome you, that they could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for thinking and talking about you. But pray take care of the steps—they are so slanting, and slippery, and dangerous—and that you may, in the least inform, but I myself had an awkward slip from them one day. Why, how well you are looking! you must be growing younger every day. I declare you look more juvenile than any of us. Daniel—Humphrey—call the servant to take your uncle's luggage. My dear uncle, I cannot think of such a thing as your carrying your own luggage. Daniel! Humphrey! call somebody. There, can's you take it yourselves? My dear uncle Jeffery, pray wait till a servant can come. Daniel! Humphrey! why don't you move?"

Daniel and Humphrey stood with their hands in their pockets staring very contemptuously at the cross grained old gentleman, took up a small hair trunk and a leather hat-box in his hands, and, under the running commentary of Mrs. Pokenham's speech, proceeded to ascend the flight of steps taking as little notice of the lady importunities of the matron as though he had heard her not, which supposition was apparently to be pretty nearly the true one, as they carried their evidence into the parlor the matron and gentleman, having his luggage very deliberately on the floor, proceeded to draw from the depths of his capacious pocket a very serious-looking cat-hole, which having affixed to his ear, he turned a sour look upon Mrs. Pokenham, and for the first time opened his lips.

"Well, ma'am, I told you I'd come some time or other, and I'm here."

Had all Mrs. Pokenham's energy and eloquence gone to nothing? Had it all been wasted on a dead old man, who had not been able to hear a syllable of her melliflu ous accents? was it all to do over again, and that too to the detriment of her lungs, at the top of her breath? Yes, seemingly so, and accordingly the poor hard-worked lady began again pleading as loud as possible.

"My dear uncle Jeffery, we are all delighted to see you, and looking so well—younger than ever."

"Hey! what?"

"We are all so glad to see you! You are looking so well!" shouted Mrs. Pokenham, growing very red in the face.

"Do you think I look well then!" said the cross old gentleman.

"O charmingly. Twenty years younger than when I last saw you."

"Hey! what?"

"You are looking so much younger than you did some time back. Nobody would believe that you were the same person. I am sure, however, to see that you are rather deaf of hearing."

"Deaf of what?" asked uncle Jeff.

"A little deaf," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"Deaf! who says that I'm deaf? a set of stupid people. I should like to know who told you I was deaf? a parcel of ignorant people!"

"O, I see, I see that it was all a mistake! only I thought that perhaps you had got a little cold—nothing more, nothing more," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"I'm no more deaf than you are!" said the sour-visaged gentleman.

"No, no, uncle, I see that you are not. I don't know what I could be thinking of," said poor Mrs. Pokenham, whose lungs began to complain at being put into such severe requisition. "But now uncle, take the easy chair—it is such an easy one—we got it on purpose for you."

"I don't want your easy chairs! any chair is easy to a healthy man like me. What! I suppose you think I am getting old?"

"O no, dear uncle Jeffery; you look full twenty years younger than when I saw you last. Here, Fanny Carr, do take those slippers and this dressing gown away. I don't know who could have thought of treating my dear uncle Jeffery as if he were old or troubled. Fy, Fanny Carr, do move this footstool, and wheel this great unwieldy chair away."

The little old maid drew near much as if she had been a little mouse approaching a lion, and proceeded to do as she was bid with one of the most frightened airs in the world. The great cross man looked down like a colossal statue on the diminutive little thing who was thus called upon to wait upon his high nightiness.

"Won't you go near the fire, uncle Jeffery? it was made on purpose for you; we thought you might be cold," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"Cold!" roared uncle Jeff, substituting his oath.

"Do open the window, Fanny Carr, my uncle Jeffery will be suffocated."

"I wish you'd let the window be—and one too," growled uncle Jeff.

"And now, uncle Jeffery, will you take tea or coffee? we have them both ready."

"Do you think I'm a tee-totaller? I hate slops!"

"Uncle Jeffery shall have a rump-steak and oyster sauce. Would you like that?" shrieked Mrs. Pokenham.

"I don't like to be plagued!" growled uncle Jeff.

Poor Mrs. Pokenham sat down in her chair, pretty considerably exhausted with shouting, and proceeded to lament herself and console herself in a low voice, perfectly comfortable in uncle Jeff not being able to hear her, in spite of his assurance that he was by no manner of means deaf.

"Well, and so he's deaf! deaf as a door-nail! and how in the world I am to go on making myself agreeable I don't know—I shall soon be perfectly exhausted. And yet there is one little comfort in it—we need not be so very particular what we say. One may be able to express one sentiments, without being constantly in danger of thundering over some affront or another."

"Mamma," said Miss Pokenham the eldest, "I suppose we may speak too, as uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear a word that we can say."

"Say what you will, only don't look towards him, lest he suspect that we are speaking of him."

"I was only going to give you my opinion of this new relation of ours, why, mamma, he is amazingly ugly."

"What of that?" said Mrs. Pokenham, "he is as much as a Jew."

"Did you ever see such thick lips—such a thick nose—and such a thick head?" said Miss Pokenham the second.

"Do you mean me laugh," said Miss Pokenham the first, "or else our deaf uncle Jeff will think I am laughing at him."

"What are you talking about?" asked uncle Jeff, placing his ear-horn only partially in the answer.

"They were talking, girl-like, uncle Jeffery," shouted poor Mrs. Pokenham, "of you. You know that is so natural; and they were saying—but you must excuse them—what a fine-looking man you are?"

"La, ma, how can you say so? I never saw anybody much uglier in my life, and then for expression! why he could certainly make vinegar with a look."

"Hey! what?" said uncle Jeff.

"Margaret was only saying that you have such a powerful expression. *Now, hope, if you begin to titter, I'll turn you out of the room.*"

"How mamma is sweetening up deaf uncle Jeff! Mamma, I had better help you a little more, since it answers so well. Look how he is staring at us with his giggle eyes."

"Hey! what?" asked uncle Jeffery, turning again to Mrs. Pokenham.

"Jane was only saying, that you had such peculiarly fine eyes. *Girls, tell you have done?*"

"No, mamma, it is too good fun—we must have a little more of it. Don't you see how deaf uncle Jeff is looking at us, and how red he is getting in the face? His complexion and visage would do very well for a sign-post at some village inn."

"Hey! what?" interrogated uncle Jeff.

"Margaret was observing how fresh-complexioned you are, uncle Jeffery, and what a fine portrait you would make. *Now, Daniel, be quiet. Girls, girls! how dare you say such things before his face? I declare I sit in fear and trembling.*"

"La, mamma, one may say what one likes—it's all safe enough. Uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear, never fear. Besides, it does him good to hear you interpret for us. You turn out sour into sweet, and he seems to like the flavor. Better give him a little more."

"Fie, fie, Jane is not over. Give him a little more," said Humphrey.

"How can I keep my countenance, if you go on so? Boys, be quiet."

"It is so amusing to see one obliged to look pleasant when she is in quite a passion. Dear me, would not you like to box our ears?"

"Hey! what?" said uncle Jeff.

"The girls were saying, that they never saw me look half delighted as I am now doing, for the pleasure of seeing your uncle. *Girls, if you will provoke me—hoys, I will punish you for this!* *You are behaving shamefully!*"

"O, mamma, it is amusing to see you trying to look sweet and calm and pleasant at cross deaf uncle Jeff, and yet all the while in such a passion with us."

"I'll tell you what his ear came into my head, mamma," said Miss Pokenham the first, "mum don't let anybody laugh—lest you all get your listening faces ready to tip up your things, and take your departure in half an hour—and very glad shall I be when you are fairly gone, for I see how artful you are, and there is no knowing where the mischief may end."

Fanny Carr burst into an agony of tears.

"Mr. Jeffery is not the weak man you think him, but clear-headed and strong-minded enough to detect me, if I were the artful creature you accuse me of being. But I will go; I will not stay to be accused of eating the bread of idleness, or practising subterfuges—no, I will go and beg my bread rather than that!—anything is better than that;—only—only—don't laugh at him any more, poor gentleman, for if he wants to find it out he would feel it, for he is not so simple as you think him, dear, poor gentleman.

"Hey! hey! what does she say?" asked uncle Jeff.

"O, my dear uncle Jeffery, don't mind her. She is an ungrateful creature, after all the kindness which we have shown her, to be weary of paying you the few little attentions which I had enjoined upon her. But, my dear uncle, I have sent her away. Nobody shall slight you in my house, so I have sent her away."

"Humph!" said deaf uncle Jeff.

The little old maid's eyes were almost drowned with tears—and, whatever poets may say in rhyme or the superlativeness of the beauty of bloodshot orbs, and their red curtains, and all that, we have always been accustomed to consider those sort of things amazingly unbecoming. But it happened that our little heroine forgot to consult her looking-glass upon the occasion, and consequently her eyes became something like the red sea. The poor little body, however, proceeded as expeditiously as might be to lay her scanty wardrobe as straightly as possible in a wooden box, which was both small enough and large enough; to collect her needles and her knitting; a few letters, carefully tied up with a piece of faded blue ribbon, the dates of which proved chronologically that the paper had been made full twenty years ago, all of them written in a neat masculine hand, like that of a school usher, and dated as many years back; to look very particularly at and sigh over a little morsel of sandy hair; to stroke her favorite purses for the last time; and then to take her clogs, her reticule, and her umbrella, to look at an old summer-house, to gather two or three leaves from an old tree; and then to pass through those inhospitable doors into the wide, wide, bleak and cold world, alone—alone.

There are some hearts like some vegetables—they take root anywhere, no matter how unfavorable the soil, or how blighting the atmosphere. Thus it was with the little old maid. In spite of derision, and scorn, and buffeting, her feelings had grown to the inanimate stone walls that surrounded her, simply because they had nothing else to cling to—and it the mere impulses of a loving nature could thus attach her to repelling and repulsive objects, how tenderly might she love what was really lovable!

Poor Fanny Carr, with the liberal, large, and unbarnishable sum of somewhere about five shillings in her pocket, looked naturally around for a shelter for her head, and having bethought herself of one of Mrs. Pokenham's discarded servants, who had married and settled, determined to seek shelter there.

In a little cottage by the road side, as clean as those dear cottages of England ever are, with a neatly trimmed garden without, bacamant in summer blossoms, and with the whitest of white curtains within, and the neatest of red floors, and the brightest of round tables, and the most resplendent of fire-places, sat the little old maid, dressed as neatly as if fairy handmaids had been her tiresomers, and working at her needle as blithely as birds perform their daily task of singing. What though her five shillings were very nearly exhausted, she could earn almost sixpence a day, and that was independence, and independence was happiness.

There came a great dust while the little old maid was thus delving for happiness and sixpence a day, and a noise of carriage-wheels; and looking up to see what was coming, she saw a plain, respectable, grave, steady, brown-visaged carriage and pair, with a coachman in a brown livery before, and a servant in brown livery seated in the box behind, and lo and behold, it stopped at the very cottage-door where she was working; and so the little old maid jumped up, and threw down her cotton and her scissors, and hastened to tell them it was all a mistake, when, to her particular astonishment, she saw deaf uncle Jeffery getting down the steps, and walking across the cottage garden, and coming in at the door. And having gone thus far, the deaf gentleman took hold of her diminutive hand in his great gigantic paw, and gave it a squeeze, which almost made the little old maid cry out, which, however, she did not do, for ladies of all sizes very seldom cry out at a squeeze of the hand; generally bearing that sort of pain very philosophically, and then uncle Jeffery proceeded to draw one of the brightly rubbed wooden-bottom chairs to himself, for his own particular use, and to sit down upon it close to the little old maid.

"I hope you are well Mr. Jeffery," shouted the little old maid; "it is very kind of you to come and see me. I hope you are well."

"Quite well, thank you," replied uncle Jeffery, "and now tell me what you think has brought me to see you?"

"Perhaps," said the little old maid, coloring slightly with the recollection of a well-whipped well-worn-down, well-subdued pride, "perhaps you wanted me to do some plain work for you, Mr. Jeffery. I am taking in plain work."

"You need not speak so loud, my dear," said deaf uncle Jeff; "you know you will tire yourself, you will exhaust yourself."

"O, Mr. Jeffery!" said the little old maid, the tears rushing into her eyes, "O, Mr. Jeffery, pray believe that I never complained or even felt it a trouble to talk to you. Indeed, I did not! I don't know how soon I may be afflicted myself."

Uncle Jeffery took poor Fanny's hand, and gave it another squeeze that almost threatened it with compression. "I know you did not. Yet nevertheless you must not speak so loud."

"But you have not your ear-horn," said Fanny Carr, persisting in shouting, lest her visitor should think that she grudged the trouble; "but you have not your ear-horn."

"But you know that I always told you that I was not deaf."

The little old maid looked perplexed.

"But you never believed me—was that it?"

The little old maid flushed crimson, but she could not deny it.

"Well then, if I were deaf, I am better."

"I am glad of it, with all my heart," said the little old maid; "it is painful to a miserable thing not to hear a word that is said to us."

"Yet sometimes it is better not to hear what is said of us," replied uncle Jeffery.

The little old maid colored deeply. She remembered into well all that had been said of him and before him.

"But do you know that I had, even when I was at the worst, quite hearing enough to know how kind you were to me, and how amiable to everybody else."

"O, you are among at. When one party is foolish, and the other is artful, it does not need much discernment to see what is in the wind."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" exclaimed the little old maid in an agony.

"Why, I mean, Miss Carr, just this;—you see that my uncle is a silly old man, and rich, and you being clever and poor, you think that you may be able to catch him in a match. You think that it would be a better thing to be Mrs. Jeffery, and keep your carriage, than even to live the idle life which you are now doing."

"The idle life which I now lead!" exclaimed the little old maid. "I, who toil in labors which have no end through all the weary days, without either thanks or wages!—and now to be accused of this!"

"You see that my uncle is half a fool, and you think that you can juggle him into marrying you. But I tell you once more that I will not stand by and see such things done in my house, so just have the goodness to tie up your things, and take your departure in half an hour—and very glad shall I be when you are fairly gone, for I see how artful you are, and there is no knowing where the mischief may end."

Fanny Carr burst into an agony of tears.

"Mr. Jeffery is not the weak man you think him, but clear-headed and strong-minded enough to detect me, if I were the artful creature you accuse me of being. But I will go; I will not stay to be accused of eating the bread of idleness, or practising subterfuges—no, I will go and beg my bread rather than that!—anything is better than that;—only—only—don't laugh at him any more, poor gentleman, for if he wants to find it out he would feel it, for he is not so simple as you think him, dear, poor gentleman.

"Hey! hey! what does she say?" asked uncle Jeff.

"Pray who is that little thing?" asked uncle Jeffery of Mrs. Pokenham, as they were left together in the evening—"pray who is that little thing who has just gone out of the room?"

"Do you mean Fanny Carr? O, she is a little creature that has seen better days, and we let her be here because my feelings don't let me send her away. She is so happy, and so attached to us, poor thing, and she just makes herself useful by doing any trifle that falls in her way. She keeps the keys of the store-rooms, and the tea-caddy, and the wine cellar, and the beer, and the cellaret, and she fills up her time with sewing for the girls, and she has the care of the linen, and she makes all the pastry, and does the preserves—but what I most prize Fanny Carr for is, that she is such a good nurse—she nursed the children through all their measles, and never left them when we had the scarlet fever; everybody said that she would catch it, but she never did, though she was with them day and night. Yes, Fanny Carr is a most excellent nurse."

"So she is your housekeeper, and your cook, and your plain sewer, and your nurse?"

"O no, uncle, I don't give her any wages."

"A servant without wages!"

"Uncle, I see that you don't like to have Fanny Carr sitting at the same table with you. I am sure I beg your pardon, but I did not think of it. I don't much think that she would like to eat with the servants, but I'll see. At all events, I can send her her dinner up to her own room."

"Let the little thing stay," said uncle Jeff.

"But, my dear uncle, I confess it was very thoughtless of me to seat her at the same table with you, and I can very well make her go."

"Then I shall go too!" said deaf uncle Jeff.

Mrs. Pokenham of course immediately withdrew her proffer. She could only regret that she had been so inadvertent as to place her highly respectable, and highly-endowed, and fortunately rich uncle Jeffery, at the same table with a poor little fatherless fatherless old maid. Fanny Carr was still tolerated, and uncle Jeffery seemed so far to overcome his aversion to her as to permit various little offices which she was constantly performing for him to be continued without resistance. She arranged the cushions in his easy chair—for, after the first it of sulkiness, uncle Jeffery permitted himself to be installed into its comfortableness—she fetched him his slippers, and coaxed him his footstool, and got him the newspapers, and handed him his hat and his stick when he went out, and took them from him when he came in, and always met him with a smile, and some way or another, deaf uncle Jeff could hear Fanny Carr's gentle voice almost without the help of his ear-horn, better than he could understand other people with it.

"I wish I had deaf uncle Jeff's money!" said Master Daniel. "How I would make it fly! He has not the heart to do anything with it but keep it to get musty-rusty and rusty."

"There he is under the window," said Humphrey.

"No matter what one says, he can't hear us. It is such fun to look him in the face and hoax him—telling him what an old curmudgeon he is, and all the while making him think that you are paying the greatest compliments. Mamma does that in fine style. Now I'll show you her honey, milk, and sugar way."

And so saying, Master Daniel walked up to his deaf uncle Jeff, and, with an insinuating look and a soft smile, said, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to assure you that I think you have not sense enough to enjoy either your life or your money."

"Hey! What do you say?" said deaf uncle Jeff, applying his ear-horn.

"O fie!" exclaimed the little old maid, turning very red—"how can you mock his infirmities in that manner?"

"I'll tell you what," said Master Daniel, turning sharply round upon the poor dependent—"I'll tell you what—mamma ordered you to make the suitable to old deaf uncle Jeff here for our sake, but she begins to think you are doing it for your own."

"O Master Daniel!" exclaimed little Fanny Carr, "you know that I try to be kind to everybody—indeed I ought, for I feel what it is to wish for kindness myself; and when I see how you all play upon this poor gentleman, because he happens to be deaf, I can't help feeling the more pitiful over him. Why, I am sure the same if he were poor."

"Hey! hey! What does she say?" asked uncle Jeffery.

"She says that she is quite exhausted with the trouble of speaking to you, sir, you are so very deaf."

"Deaf! deaf! exclaimed the old gentleman—"I am not deaf—I told you all before that I was not deaf."

"O Daniel!" exclaimed Fanny Carr, with the tears in her eyes—"how can you so misrepresent me?"

"Hey! Hey! What does she say?" asked uncle Jeffery.

"She says, sir, that she is quite worn out with the trouble of shouting and running errands."

"O Daniel!" ejaculated the little old maid.

"And she says that if you don't go away very soon, she must. But mamma is very angry with her for grumbling, and I shouldn't wonder if she were to show her the way to the door."

The little old maid burst into tears.

"Hey! hey! What's all this?" ejaculated the deaf gentleman.

"O mamma, you are here, and it's high time," said Master Daniel, as Mrs. Pokenham entered. "If I had not been here to meddle, Fanny Carr was managing deaf uncle Jeff in fine style."

"Fanny Carr," said Mrs. Pokenham, "your conduct has been more and more extraordinary every day."

"What have I done?" exclaimed the little old maid. "I don't know what I have trying to manage my poor silly uncle—that has been plain enough in my eyes for a long time. You tantle after him, and go about fetching, and carrying, and coaxing, and looking like a lamb, and you know that you have your own private ends in it all."

"What ends can I have?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Why, Miss Carr, if I must speak the plain truth—and I am a plain-spoken person, you know, and never given to flatters—I must say, that I see clearly enough what you are aiming at. When one party is foolish, and the other is artful, it does not need much discernment to see what is in the wind."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" exclaimed the little old maid in an agony.

"Why, I mean, Miss Carr, just this;—you see that my uncle is a silly old man, and rich, and you being clever and poor, you think that you may be able to catch him in a match. You think that it would be a better thing to be Mrs. Jeffery, and keep your carriage, than even to live the idle life which you are now doing."

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"Hey! hey! what does she say?" asked uncle Jeff.

"Then it must be something very particular indeed."

"It is something very particular indeed."

"O, I'll help you to find it."

"That is very kind, and I hope you will—I want—something to love."

"The world is full of such things," said the little old maid.

"To you who have everything from the overflowing of your heart, but not to me."

Poor Fanny looked infinitely perplexed. "I wish I could do anything to help you."

"You can. I told you I had a carriage and servants, and house and furniture, and plate and money, but I have no one to share them with me; no one to ride with me, sit with me, walk with me, talk with me, take the head of my table—to love me if they could. In short I want a wife. Will you take this troublesome office?"

"O Mr. Jeffery!" exclaimed Fanny Carr, with a face as red as blushes could make it.

The plain brown chariot with the brown horses and brown harness-cloth, and the servants in brown liveries, drew up with a great dash, quite in an unusual manner, at Mr. Pokenham's door. It was very evident that everything belonging to the brown affair was in a considerable state of excitement, in fact quite a brown fever or sort of effervescence, and some way or another the agitation was communicated to the family of the Pokenhams within.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. "Don't tiring them in here, but show them into the drawing-room. I always like to receive carriage people in the drawing-room; and Jane, fetch me a clean pair of gloves."

"La, mamma, a wedding! look at the white favors!" exclaimed Miss Pokenham the first.

"Then there's one chance less in the world," said Miss Pokenham the second.

"It's all right," said Master Daniel, "I like bridesmaids, and I don't care how many people marry and are miserable, so that I get a good feast by it."

"I like the quarrelling quite as well as the cake," said Master Humphrey.

"Look!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham, "I declare if it is not deaf uncle Jeff! I thought he'd be glad to come back to us! I made him so very comfortable with his chicken and easy chairs that I thought he'd soon want to be back again. If that little beautiful Fanny Carr had not pinioned his mind."

"He's a good customer," said Master Dan.

"Mamma's legacy will keep well: it will be one high game," said Master Humphrey.

"How smart uncle Jeff is!" said Miss Pokenham the first.

"White silks and pumps, I declare, and a flower in his buttonhole!"

"And what on earth is that little lump of finery behind him!" said Miss Pokenham the second.

"Why, goodness gracious! you don't think that uncle Jeff has been such an old stupid as to get married himself!" and Miss Pokenham the first.

"I shall faint at the bare supposition," exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham—"an unnatural monster!"

"Here he comes, and his queen doll with him."

Uncle Jeffery walked into the room as stately as the tallest grenadier in the service of Frederick the Great, dragging after him a bundle of white satin and white lace and French blond and white kid gloves and orange blossoms, and it really was astonishing to see how many d

[illegible] ... and heard enough to satisfy him that you were acquainted with me. He made inquiries, learned how you came there—and you can imagine the rest."

"That I was brought here and saved from death," said I, looking fondly into Beatrice's face. "But you have not told me how you came here, or what the exists between you and our hostess."

"Oh! she is my cousin. I spent some years here in early childhood. But to tell my story I must go back to when we last parted in Charleston."

"Very well. I listen."

"You know," sweetly began Beatrice, "how much I feared, when you were in Charleston, that my uncle would make himself obnoxious to the colonial authorities, and endanger perhaps his life. You know, also, that he seemed resolved to bring about a union betwixt his son and myself. The necessity of obtaining my uncle's sanction to our marriage under the penalty of forfeiting my fortune, weighed but lightly with me, for I knew his hostility to you to be unjust. Yet, as the representative of my deceased parent, I wished, if possible, to win Mr. Rochester's sanction. His persevering determination to unite me to his son prevented all hopes of this; and it was not long after our parting that I saw he would never consent to my becoming the bride of any one but his heir. Besides, he grew every day more openly hostile to the colonies. Unjust as I felt he was to me, I yet loved him as my mother's brother, and I trembled for his life. But death suddenly interposed and calmed my fears, only however to awaken my grief. In the grave I buried my wrongs. I saw in him then only my protector in a strange land—my nearest living relative—the one with whom my sainted mother had spent her childhood.

"My uncle's decease at once changed my fortunes. The only impediment to my enjoyment of my father's estate was now removed, and I was free to bestow my hand on whomsoever I wished. My cousin renewed his offer, at a decent interval after his father's death, but, need I say, I courteously yet firmly refused it. My longer stay in Charleston was now a matter of delicacy, for I had no relatives there except the family of Mr. Rochester, and they naturally viewed my decision with feelings more favorable to my cousin than to myself. Under these circumstances I availed myself of an opportunity that just then presented to sail for this country, where my relative the Baroness, with whom I had spent some years in childhood, resided. She had continued in correspondence with me ever since, and had urged me in every letter to visit her, even if I could not come and make my home with her. Little did I think that I should meet you under the circumstances in which I did."

I have little more to add. Of the letters which I had written to Beatrice some miscarried, some were lost in captured ships, and a few reached her months after they had been penned. Her answers came with even more irregularity, for since the day we had parted in Charleston I had received but a solitary epistle from her. Now, however, every disappointment was amply redressed. She sat beside me with her hand in mine, and her soft eyes looking smilingly up into my face.

"But why," said I at length, "was so much mystery preserved respecting your presence here? And why, after I had recognized you on my first awaking from delirium, did you order the nurse—for you only could have done so—to avoid all mention of your name, to conceal from me in whose house I was?"

"That was a scheme adopted as much from the orders of the physician as from any other motive. He feared that the least agitation would bring back your fever, and he enjoined secrecy on the nurse, as the surest way to keep you composed."

I would have said how much he had failed of success had I not been too full of happiness to condemn even a formal old physician.

The period of my convalescence is one written on my inmost heart in characters never to be obliterated. Oh! those were delicious hours. With Beatrice beside me I would sit gazing out on the sunny landscape beneath the window, or wander through the rich garden which surrounded the chateau. Or perhaps she would ply her needle while I would read to her. And then she would sing some of the old songs of her native land. And by and by the Baroness would come in, and with her ever sunny mind join in the conversation. Years, long eventful years have passed since then, and God knows too many of those I loved are now in their graves, but the memory of that fortnight of happiness never fails to restore gladness to my heart even in my utmost sorrow.

But I have too long forgotten the little Fire Fly. It will be recollected that I had left Holland with the intention of joining my old commander at Paris, and I now seized the earliest opportunity of communicating my present situation to him by letter. A reply soon arrived by which I learned that, although the Fire Fly had been condemned, a brig had been chartered, and that he intended returning to America with his officers and most of his crew in her. They had been in the greatest anxiety respecting my fate, and had finally given me up for lost. The letter informed me that the day of sailing had been fixed, and that before I could return an answer the brig would have broke ground. My old commander ended by hoping that I might soon be able to rejoin him in the United States—although he added a gay postscript to say that he understood there was great probability of my choosing another mistress than glory.

Meanwhile I slowly recovered, and as every obstacle to my union with Beatrice was now removed, I did not hesitate to press the dear girl to name an early day for the realization of our nuptials. With a thousand blushes she referred me to the Baron and his lady, promising in the softest whisper, as if she feared to trust herself to speak, to abide by their decision. Need I say how speedily I availed myself of the permission, or how warmly I petitioned for as short a delay as possible!

At length the day was named, and though I was condemned to await a whole month, in the company of Beatrice it glided away almost insensibly.

The morning at length dawned. It was a bright sunny day in early winter, and never shall I forget the cheery sound of the village bells ringing to announce my approaching nuptials. The air was keen and frosty; not a cloud was in the sky; the brown woods fairly glowed in the sunlight; and, in a word, had I chosen the day a more fitting one could not have been selected. My lady readers may expect a description of the dress of the bride, the carriage, the feast, and a thousand other things, but as I am no Sir Charles Grandison, I shall pass them over without comment. I will only say that Beatrice—my own Beatrice at last—never looked lovelier than when she descended to the room, where we were all awaiting her, on that marriage morn. The smile, the blush, the look of unreserved affection, as her eye was raised timidly to my face and then dropped, I shall never forget. The Baron gave her away, the nuptial vow was said, and with a tumult of feelings I cannot describe, I pressed her to my bosom, a wife. A tear was on her cheek, but I kissed it hotly away.

We remained in France for nearly a year after our union, and even after that prolonged stay, could hardly tear ourselves from the Baron and his lady. But the prospect of peace daily growing stronger we availed ourselves of the kind offer of the French monarch, and sailed for America in one of our allies' frigates. I never, however, served again, for the war was in fact terminated, but thereafter I spent my life in the bosom of my family.

As the magician after having summoned up and marshalled before him a phantasmagoria of shadowy figures, at length perceives them fading from his sight, and, conscious that the spell is fast departing, lays down his rod, so we, approaching to the end of our task, find that the charm is beginning to lose its power, and that the beings we have conjured up are melting rapidly from our vision. Even now they seem to us only as a dream. Yet there is one glimpse more afforded to us before the magic curtain falls on them forever. It is that of a happy fireside and a smiling circle around it. Nor are the principles in that domestic scene wholly unfamiliar to us, for in the the mild eyes and Madonna-like countenance of the one, and in the well-known face and embrowned features of the other, we recognize two of those who have figured as the chief personages in our story. Years have not impaired the beauty of Beatrice, for they have fallen as light on her as blossoms. But she is not now alone in her loveliness, for at her knee is one, like and yet unlike her, younger but not more beautiful, gayer but with scarcely less sweetness. Need we say of whom the group is composed?

And now, reader, let me drop my disguise and come before you in my own character as

HARRY DANFORTH.

Dedication.

The Methodist Episcopal Trinity Church, just erected on Eighth street, above Race, will, by Divine permission, be dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Thursday afternoon, 9th inst., at 3 o'clock. The dedication sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., President of Dickinson College.

The dedication service will be continued throughout the following Sabbath, 12th inst. Service in the morning, at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. Mr Kennaday; in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, by Rev. Joseph Castle, Pastor of Union Methodist Episcopal Church; in the evening, at 6½ o'clock, by the Rev. J. Poisal, of the New York Conference.

On these occasions all the pews will be free. The sale of pews will take place on Monday afternoon, 13th inst. at 3 o'clock.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances.* Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

Travelling Agents.

Wm. A. Pierce, assisted by James Pierce, Pennsylvania.

J. Lees, Maryland and Delaware.

Henry M. Lewis, Alabama and Tennessee.

Israel E. James, general travelling agent for the Southern States and Tennessee, assisted by Jas. K. Whipple, and O. H. P. Stem.

Benjamin Gardiner and Chas. S. James, Thos. Severn, New York.

J. F. Easton, Illinois and Missouri.

John H. Allen, is authorized as a general travelling agent to obtain new subscribers to the Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Mr. James R. Smith and M. Meeker, will assist our Travelling Agent, C. W. James, in Western Collections. Mr. James' office and residence, is on Harrison street, east of Broadway, Cincinnati.

☞ A. R. Harris, Esq. has been appointed Agent for the Post and Magazine, vice J. R. Tucker, Esq. resigned.

☞ John A. Hall, Esq. late of Warren, Pa., will act as agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, at Jamestown, Chatauque county, N. Y.

To Correspondents.

The imposition practiced on us by D. was not discovered until the article had gone to press. Our correspondents have our thanks for giving us notice of the forgery. D. is a scoundrel, as one of them properly says, and if he ever comes into our presence, we will give him such an editorial *shove into notoriety* as will be remembered by him to the day of his death.

Our subscriber at Rochester, is assured that we wrong no man knowingly. We shall be happy to be the *very* first to aid in establishing his innocence. The charge is *prima facie* untrue. Will he give us early information of the termination of the matter to which he alludes, in order that we may see justice done him? Editors cannot always know the truth of statements copied from other journals.

"S. Y. L's" solution was received after the answer had been given in the Post. Suppose he sends us an original enigma.

"Stanzas," by James Woodhouse, are on file for an early insertion.

The wish of our friends of L. A. Creek, Salem county, N. J., shall be complied with, *as far as possible,* during the approaching session of Congress. We have long had in contemplation what they ask.

"E. R. S." has been received. His favor would appear, but he will see in to-day's paper, an enigma with the same answer. Let us, however, hear from him again.

"Charity," shall be given to the printers at once.

The lines by "Estelle," are too wishy-washy for our columns. The one which we now insert is the only one that can appear.

> "Alas! alas! and she is dead
> And we shall see her not—
> Up to the skies they say she's fled,
> And soon will be forgot."

The old schoolmen used to dispute how many angels could dance on a needle's point—did these dialecticians live in our day, we should refer the above lines to them to decide whether they were twaddle or syllabub.

"Orion," is under consideration.

"A. R. T." shortly.

A New Magazine.

Our neighbor of the Times, can do a genteel thing when he is in the mood—witness the following article. Our modesty, of course, would not allow us to add a word thereto.

"A New Magazine.—Our friend, Mr. Peterson, will issue in December, for the January number, the first number of a new monthly Magazine, which he has been projecting for a year past, to be entitled,

'The Lady's World of Fashion.'

His arrangements both in this country and in Europe, have been fully matured prior to announcement, and he embarks in the enterprise with the most ample resources, and unwavering energy. We have known him long and well, and are certain that in his hands, the enterprise must succeed.

The work will be published at two dollars per annum, or three copies for five dollars, and will be well filled with the choicest productions of our best female writers. It will be printed on a large semi-quarto page—larger than any now used by the Magazines of the day, and will be embellished with the latest and most correct Fashions in all their varieties, colored in elegant style—fine Line, Line and Stipple, and Mezzotint Engravings, from the first Artists; Lace Work, Embroidery, Music, &c. It will be, in fine, as pretty a work as has ever been issued, if we may judge from proof sheets we have seen, and we have no doubt, that it will be successful. We wish the proprietor the most ample share of popularity."

What Will Congress Do?

On Monday next—scarcely forty-eight hours hence—Congress will assemble at Washington. The peculiar circumstances under which that body will come together, and the vast amount of business that will crowd itself upon the national legislature, induces us to discuss, in a rapid manner, some of the probable measures of the ensuing session. We do this the more freely, because as a neutral independent journal, we have neither factious friendships nor animosities to cloud our views.

The first question which will demand the attention of Congress will be that of a National Bank, and from the rumors afloat at Washington, and which we have noticed at large under the head of "Gossip at Washington," there is great probability that a plan will be submitted by the Executive to Congress, which, although not establishing a National Bank, will yet, in a measure, supply a national currency.

The next most important subject to be brought before Congress is the *right of search.* The depredations committed on our commerce on the coast of Africa cannot longer be endured without the sacrifice of honor, justice, and dignity. Our flag *must* protect our commerce. The correspondence betwixt Mr. Stevenson and the British ministers placed this matter on its right footing. No one denies that the slave trade is illegal,—but the law of nations, at least as rendered in the Supreme Courts of both this country and England, denies that the slave trade, is "*ipso facto*" a piracy. Nor has any treaty been made betwixt Britain and the United States declaring it piracy, or giving to the former power the right to search our ships on the coast of Africa! By what right then do English men-of-war search vessels under our flag? Not by treaty,—not by the law of nations. We know the question is a difficult one, for not only are some American vessels engaged in this nefarious trade, but foreign vessels actually make use of our flag to escape detection. Yet, as the question now stands, an innocent trader cannot venture on the African coast, without being subjected to a search, accompanied with brutal insults. It is not only the dishonor of admitting a *right* in England to search our ships, but also the indignities which are heaped on our mariners, against which we protest. Had we ever given up to England, *by treaty,* the right of search within a given latitude on the African coasts, the matter would present itself in a different light,—but when Great Britain claims *as a right,* what she has often negotiated for *as a favor,* and when to this, she adds personal insult to our citizens, we feel bound to call on this people to assert their injured honor. The question is not a question of the suppression of the slave trade. America has but one opinion on that point. Nor is it the searching of ships on the African coast against which we protest. God forbid! But it is the assertion on the part of Great Britain that, as she has the right to search our vessels anywhere, she has a right to search them on the coast of Africa. This is the true view of the question—this is, to use a legal phrase, the *gist* of the whole matter. It is the old question of a right of search presented under a different aspect. Thirty years ago England searched our ships for seamen, now she searches them for slaves,—and if the right is not resisted she will search them to-morrow for whatever she chooses to think they contain. Against all such insolence we protest. Give us the answer of one of our old commodores to Lord Cochrane when the latter officer ordered the former not to go into Rio Janeiro. "You may attempt to restrain me," said the bluff sailor, as he stood on, with his ports up and the battle lanterns lighted, "You may attempt to restrain me, but, sooner than you shall succeed, I will blow you or me, or both of us, out of water."

The McLeod and Boundary questions should also occupy the attention of Congress; but we do not fear much from either of these subjects. England and America will not go to war, for a mere matter of opinion. Some practical evil, coming home to the people themselves, will do more to inflame nations to war than either of these questions. It is true, if aggressions should again be made on the territory of Maine, that the anger of our people may be aroused. Congress to prevent this should, in some way, adjudicate the long debated Boundary question. By a reference to an article in another column, it will be seen that the speedy settlement of this question is now highly probable.

It is manifest that the English people are more irritated against this country than they have been for several years; and the cause of this irritation, it is equally manifest, is in the large sums of money lost in American securities. We know that speculation has rioted in our land, that reckless extravagance has supplied the place of economy, and that nothing but these things could have produced such general bankruptcy; but we think that the English people are unreasonably irritated by their losses, and that their panygerists on this side of the water are, if not trucklers, at least misguided sympathizers. The English capitalists invested their money in American securities solely as a matter of interest, and from no extraordinary love for this country—they calculated the cent per cent, and thinking it a good investment, advanced their funds—and now that they have lost by the movement, they have no more right to call the Americans scoundrels, than any creditor has to call his insolvent debtor a rogue. If the English had bought our stocks from a disinterested love of America, it might have done for them to have talked of ingratitude. As it is, we think they have little of which to complain, except their own want of shrewdness. We do not now speak of the Mississippi Bonds, or the right which England may have to complain, if they should not be paid. That question is one so involved in party politics, that it is difficult to arrive at the true merits of the case; but we propose nevertheless at no distant interval, to discuss the matter in detail. At present we do not feel justified in giving an opinion on it.

There is also considerable irritation in France, arising out of our late tariff law. There is no doubt but what the duty laid on French commodities will seriously impair the trade of that nation with America; but we cannot understand the right of a foreign nation to get angry at our regulations. If we lay duties on French goods, France has a right to lay duties on ours,—but there her rights cease. She may retaliate, but why prate about war? Neither France, nor England, should dictate a tariff to us.

Literature and Criticism.

There is one circumstance in modern literature which we often think of with pain; it is, that a number of delicate and sensitive minds, full of ardent aspirations after excellence, romantic notions, and anticipations of fame and honors, are necessarily overwhelmed with disappointment in their literary career. We say necessarily on several accounts. In the first place, there are many men of undoubted genius, who from the peculiar structure of their minds, cannot put their conceptions in a popular form; there are others again, whose estimate of their own talents, formed perhaps from their capability of enjoying, with great zest, the masterly productions of others, is much too high; there are others who meet with adverse circumstances, ill-natured criticisms, or other checks and discouragements, trifling in appearance, but having a powerful effect on the feelings of those against whom they are directed. Besides, there must be much disappointment where there are many competitors: excellence is comparative—the higher the level of mediocrity is raised, the more difficult it is to rise above it.

Whatever are the causes, it is obvious, that where the cultivation of letters prevails so extensively as it does both here and in England, this effect will take place; and we cannot, for our own part help feeling for the blighted hopes of many a pure, sensitive, and enthusiastic mind. The modern critic thinks little of these things; he takes up the volume of a young author to review, and marks the ambition and the weakness of his virtue with a triumphant self-complacency in his own superior knowledge of life, and power of estimating the chances of success. If he be one of the ill-natured tribe, he takes occasion to show the dexterity with which he can disentangle faults from the beauties which concealed them from a duller discrimination. If he be a benevolent critic, he thinks he is conferring a kindness, by recommending the writer to desist from the unprofitable pursuit of literature, whatever else he may have attempted, for which nature has not adopted him, and to turn his attention to some branch of the common business of life; as if the transition from high hopes of literary excellence to some other object could be as easily accomplished as recommended.

The critic never stops to reflect that there is one mind to which every word that he is penning is a dagger; that, simple as it may seem to him, the lowering of high hopes, the abandonment of cherished schemes, is the destruction of a system of happiness, and involves a total alteration in the moral and intellectual character; and that the failure which must be inevitable if there is little real merit, is an evil requiring no aggravation from insensibility, dull-sighted kindness, or intentional malignity. The plea that it is necessary to protect the public from crude works, to save our literature from debasement, and to repress dullness and unfounded pretension cannot avail much with any man of sense, who is aware that nothing but sterling excellence can permanently support any work in the public opinion; and that as guardians of our literature from the contamination of what is worthless and in bad taste, the critics are of very dubious utility.

Gossip at Washington.

Cabinet meetings have been held every day at Washington during the past week. It is rumored that a plan for a Fiscal Agent has been adopted unanimously, and the New York Express professes to give the outline of the project. That paper says:—

"It is then, no Corporation, to begin with. It can be repealed at will. It is an issue, next, of Exchequer bills for a currency, bearing no interest of course, and to be redeemed in gold and silver, or—though not by special enactment—in the notes of specie-paying banks. It is to have a head here, created, I presume, by the President and Senate, but *not* to be removed by the President at will, with sub-heads or agencies in all the States to be appointed by the head there. What this head is to be called, and how constituted, will be submitted, I presume, in a Bill drawn in the Department of the Secretary of the Treasury—with other matters relating to buying and selling Bills of Exchange, deposits, &c. &c. All this is but the merest skeleton of the scheme, but it is the basis of it, nevertheless. The amount of issues is not to be over twenty millions.

Such a fiscal agency as this, after it feels its way, will, no doubt, do much toward creating a national currency, for the want of which we suffer so much. Received at the Custom House and by the Post Offices, it will be at par. To prevent a concentrated run upon one of the agencies, there will be some regulation similar to that of the branches of the late U. S. Bank—for a note payable in Missouri will be paid there—only there—though it will be received every where for public dues."

Whether this bill will meet the support of Congress we are unable to say—certainly it is less liable to defeat than a bank bill.

It is rumored that the new Postmaster General will propose a reduction of about ten per cent. on the pay of Postmasters. The income of the department, at present, is not equal to its outlay. Indeed the Post Office system at Washington needs a general revision. It is now but a clumsy, ricketty machine at best; and its various officers too often have to suffer, not for their own faults, but for its inherent defects.

Members of Congress have been arriving at Washington daily. Many of them have taken houses for the winter: the cabinet officers have followed this example. The approaching winter will be unusually gay.

Mr. Stevenson, the late minister at London, is now at Washington settling up his accounts. He states freely that, in his opinion, the British ministry is averse to a war. Mr. Biddle is also in Washington.

The tone of parties is less violent than at the close of the extra session. The Whigs in general speak comparatively favorably of the President, and declare their willingness to make the best of things as they are, and give Mr. Tyler a fair and upright support. All parties, however, appear disposed, at first, to lie on their oars—each waits for the other to show its hand.

An Ancient Map.

Our "right worthy" cotemporary of the U. S. Gazette has been favored with the sight of an old map of Pennsylvania, engraved in 1710, and humbly dedicated to the Honorable Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, true and absolute proprietors and Governors of Pennsylvania. Verily the dedication smacks of the olden time. The Gazette says:—"The map is not so remarkable for its age as for the excellence of the engraving, and then too what a difference in the face of things! In those days, Northampton county included all the northwestern section of the state, east of Berks and Bucks counties. Berks extended northwest from Philadelphia county to the New York line. Chester then included Delaware, Lancaster extended from Berks to York, and Cumberland included all west of Lancaster. Things have changed since that time. Men have increased, multiplied, and replenished the land. We notice that coal is marked upon the map in the neighborhood of what is now Pottsville, and Indian paths run where railroads have since been made."

Heavy Tolls.

The importance of reducing the tolls on the Pennsylvania Canals and Rail-roads is daily becoming more evident. The vast quantities of goods which pass through the Erie Canal when compared with the quantity carried over the Pennsylvania works is almost incredible. And the chief cause of it is the extravagant height of our tolls. A correspondent of the Pittsburg Advocate has some facts on this subject which we cannot resist giving to our readers. He says "the heaviest expense to the owner of freight, is borne between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. For instance, we have the cost of 100 lbs. from New York to New Orleans to be 1 dollar, from New York to Portsmouth, O., $1,60, and from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, $1,50, or only 10 cents in the 100 lbs. less than to Portsmouth—the distance being against the New York route as 2 to 1—or double. Why is it that this difference exists *against* our Pennsylvania route? Mainly because of the difference in tolls. The tolls alone on the Pennsylvania works cost 75 cents per 100 lbs. On the Erie and New York works 22! The New York Transportation Company can ship profitably to Cleveland for 75 cents per 100 lbs. During this fall they *did* send freight for 65! or ten cts. less than our tolls. A heavy dealer in flour told me that he could not send his flour to Philadelphia, because he could send it by wagon to the Ohio river near Wheeling, send down the Ohio to Portsmouth, by Canal through the State of Ohio to Cleveland, across the lakes and down the New York and Erie Canal to New York city, for less considerably than it would cost him to send it to Philadelphia—the latter about one quarter of the distance. Many merchants in Philadelphia can state, when required to do so, that the shipment of goods sold in Philadelphia this past season, through New York by the lake route, has been unusually heavy—because of the heavy difference in cost of freight against the Pittsburg route, and fears of detention at Pittsburg."

We again invite public attention to this subject. Not only are goods purchased in Philadelphia forwarded to New York and along the Erie Canal, but large numbers of merchants who hitherto have purchased in our city are carrying their custom to New York. How long will the folly or ignorance of our legislatures keep us in this humiliating position? When will Philadelphia, when will Pennsylvania awake to her interest on this subject? Every dollar of freight earned on our works enriches not only the State, but collaterally every citizen thereof—and nothing prevents us from doubling the gross amount of freight received annually but the comparatively high tolls on the public works. In the midst of general competition Pennsylvania acts as if she were asleep.

The Prince de Joinville.

The Prince, on his return from his western tour, has been received with even more enthusiasm than on his first arrival. The festivities with which he was welcomed at Boston were in the most magnificent style. The ball on Wednesday evening, the 24th ult. was one of the most splendid entertainments of the kind ever given in this country. The large room of Faneuil Hall was decorated for the occasion with unusual elegance, and, at about eight o'clock, dancing commenced. Toward ten the Prince and his suite entered the scene of festivities, and passed through a line, formed by the guests, to the head of the room, where he was introduced to the Mayor and other dignitaries. Dancing speedily recommenced, and the Prince stood up several times. The display of banners, flowers, brilliant lights, magnificent attire, and more than all beauty, is said to have been unequalled. Some of the ladies were dressed with extravagant splendor—among these the Countess Amerigo Vespucci shone pre-eminent by her beauty and attire. Her dress was of claret velvet, in length approaching to a train, confined round the waist with cord and tassel of gold bullion. The make of the robe low on the shoulders and lace chemisette. Her head-dress was a velvet cap embroidered in gold with lappets of the same with gold fringe. Many of the other ladies were attired with almost equal splendor.

On Friday the Prince returned to New York, and in the evening attended a supper given to him, at the Gothic Hall. The tickets were twenty dollars. About two hundred and forty persons sat down to the table. After the supper the Prince went to a ball given by Mrs. Mott, the lady of the celebrated Dr. Mott, who with his lady have just returned from Paris, where they met with unusual attention from the royal family. On Saturday evening the Prince was entertained by the Common Council at the Astor House.

On Sunday the Prince embarked, and under a salute from the North Carolina, dropped down the bay. The snow-storm which began on Sunday evening and continued until Monday night, detained the Belle Poule and her consort at anchor until the tempest had past.

These attentions paid to the Prince as the representative of the French nation are quite commendable, and must be highly gratifying to himself personally, to his family and to the French people.

Behind the Age.

The penal code of Delaware is not only behind the age, but in some respects a disgrace to humanity. Whipping is still a punishment recognised by her laws. We had thought that semi-barbarous Russia was the only country that, in an age like this, could award so degrading an infliction on human beings however depraved, for we had thought that all civilized States now held that to degrade *the man* was no way to reform *the criminal.* We find, however, that we are mistaken. So late as last week the Court of New Castle county, Delaware, sentenced persons, convicted of larceny, to receive twenty-one lashes on the bare back. One man plead guilty to three indictments, and was sentenced to receive twenty-one lashes for each indictment. But the most extraordinary of all is the following, which we copy from the Delaware Gazette:

"A young girl, (whose name we omit on account of the respectability of her parents, and at the urgent request of several of our friends,) plead guilty on ten different indictments for larceny. Sentenced to pay two-fold value of goods stolen to the owners, to wear ten T's on her outer garment, and to receive 21 lashes on the bare back, well laid on, in each case, making 210 in all. And this on a woman, a very gentle looking young girl! tied up to a post, her naked body exposed to the gaze of a lascivious crowd—striped and scored! But enough, the theme is shocking. The barbarous law must be repealed—it is a crying disgrace to the State. We are glad, however, to have it in our power to say that this shocking cruelty will not be inflicted in this instance, as we understand the Governor has interposed his clemency, and pardoned her as to the corporal punishment. With this view the court interceded in her favor, all the members of the bar, the officers of the court, the prosecuting witnesses, and hundreds of others petitioned in her behalf, and his excellency readily acceded to their wishes. So she will go unpunished."

For the credit of Delaware we trust this barbarous law will be repealed. It cannot, and does not do good. Will you reform a man or woman, by treating them like a brute? For the honor of humanity, let the law be abolished.

A Snow Storm.

Huzza for a good old fashionable snow-storm! As we write, the sleigh bells are ringing on the sharp bracing air, and, if we step to the window, we can see vehicles of every shape, from the graceful swan, to the clumsy jumper, dashing past; while the gay smiles of the ladies, and the gallant air of all the "goodlie companie," betoken the exhilaration with which they enjoy the sport. Give us a good snow storm, a pair of dashing horses, and some little blue-eyed maiden beside us, and we will scout care away as we go whizzing, rocket-like, over hill and dale, with the calm bright moon lighting up the landscape with a quiet glory surpassing the painter's pencil—the dim old woods waving with a low musical sound in the night wind—and a thousand thousand stars glittering on the surface of the snow, wherever the angle of a chrystal shoots out into the moonshine.

We have been visited by a "right merrie" old fashioned snow storm. The tempest has reached along the whole sea-coast. In Baltimore and Washington the snow began to fall on Sunday afternoon about half past four o'clock, and ended on Monday morning just after daylight. In Philadelphia the storm began betwixt seven and eight o'clock on Sunday evening, and finished on Monday about six o'clock in the evening. In New York the storm began and ended about the same periods as in Philadelphia. The depth of snow in New York was over fifteen inches. The rail road lines betwixt all these cities were delayed by the storm several hours beyond their usual time of arrival.

The sun on Tuesday and Wednesday came out warm, and as we write (on the latter day,) the snow is rapidly disappearing. The sleighing, however, is still kept up. We have not, for some years, had so deep a fall of snow so early in the season.

Debts of Cities.

The states are not alone in their indebtedness, as appears from the following table which we have taken the trouble to collect. The population of Philadelphia is only the population of the city proper. The suburbs swell the population, but also swell the debt. We make this statement lest some of our readers should wonder at the comparative insignificance of Philadelphia as seen in the table.

		Population.
New York,	$19,863,000	212,710
Baltimore,	4,680,000	102,313
Boston,	1,600,000	93,383
New Orleans,	1,756,000	102,193
Charleston,	1,142,000	29,261
Philadelphia,	3,000,000	94,000
Cincinnati,	660,000	46,338
Albany,	865,000	33,721
Troy,	901,000	19,334

A Female Impostor.

A Mrs. Jones, representing herself as a rich English widow, visited Rochester some months since, and succeeded in marrying herself to a young man there, whom she induced to purchase a large amount of costly furniture, after which, with what money she could obtain from her victim, she suddenly decamped. This female impostor has since appeared in Toronto, Canada, where she has been quite as successful in her frauds. In the latter place she represented herself as head cook in the late Sir Astley Cooper's establishment, who she said had left her an annuity of £100. This soon increased to £300, and a man named Lanesboro believed her story and married her. The sequel is given in the following summary:—

"After having deceived her husband by stories about £100,000 being left her, and that Lord Liverpool had sent over his steward to bring her home; after having got a number of others to credit her story and trust her with money; after having, in the midst of sickness, given assurance to the attending minister of her Christian resignation and pious trust in her Redeemer; after having enjoyed herself by driving in a carriage, under a contract to buy it; after having prepared her husband with the necessaries to go to London to attend to her business; after having borrowed a pair of boots of the wife of the tailor that made her husband's fine clothes; after having gulled every body, the decamped quietly by the Transit one morning in the first of this week, just before her husband was to have started for England. I suppose she has carried off about £300, and has gone to play off the same game of cheating on the gullibles of some other place."

We understand that she has since been heard of in Albany. As she seems fond of travelling, and fonder of notoriety, we give her this general introduction to the good people of these United States.

U. S. Census for 1840.—Abstract.

WHITES—Males	7,249,266		
Females	6,939,842		
		14,189,108	
BLACKS—Slaves	2,487,213		
Free	386,246		
		2,873,459	
Total population		17,062,567	
EMPLOYED.			
In Agriculture		3,717,766	
In Mining		15,203	
In Commerce		117,575	
In Manufactures and Trades		791,545	
In Navigation of the Ocean		56,025	
In Navigation of Lakes, Rivers and Canals		33,067	
Learned Professions, Engineers, &c.		65,236	
Deaf and Dumb		7,559	
Blind		6,816	
EDUCATION.			
Universities and Colleges		173	
Academies and Grammar Schools		3,243	
Primary and Common Schools		47,209	
Number of Students in Colleges, &c.		16,233	
Number of Students in Academies and Grammar Schools		164,159	
Number of Pupils in Primary Schools		1,845,244	
Number of Pupils at public charge.		468,764	

Sunday School Meeting.

An unusually large assemblage took place on Monday evening at the Presbyterian church on Washington square. Notwithstanding the storm the building was crowded. The meeting was composed of the Sunday School teachers of the city and county of Philadelphia, male and female, of all denominations, for the purpose of creating a unanimity and harmony of action in the great enterprise in which they are engaged. As near as we could judge, there must have been at least two thousand present, each of whom had been furnished with a ticket of admission on the previous Sabbath, in their respective schools; consequently, the assemblage was made up almost exclusively of teachers.

The favorable results of such meetings appear to us self-evident—and we only wonder that they are not oftener held. As a means for imparting moral and religious instruction, Sunday Schools have decidedly great advantages. The common school system may educate the intellect—but if the moral feelings are not cultivated properly, the child becomes only a curse, because a mere educated member of society. And the thousand, aye! the ten thousand children, in this country, whose *moral* education is neglected at home, will find in Sunday Schools a preservative from crime. What fills our House of Refuge, but the neglect of moral education? Let philanthropists, without regard to sect, consider these things.

The Boundary Line.

The commissioners appointed to run the north east boundary line have completed their *ex parte* labors, and run the line in a manner highly favorable to the claims of the U. S. government. Professor Renwick, who ran the line from the N. E. angle, along the highlands to the N. W. angle, arrived at his *terminus* on the 20th of October, and returned home by the way of Quebec. The highlands are of a description that leaves no doubt of their identity with those mentioned in the treaty. Captain Talcott, who ran the westerly line to the N. W. angle, arrived there a short time previous to Professor Renwick's party. The British Commissioners *followed directly upon Capt. Talcott's line* to the highlands. The British officers on the Temiscouta lake went over to the ground and examined some part of the survey, on the highlands, and it is said expressed themselves satisfied with the American claim. The sources of the rivers running into the St. Lawrence, and into the Atlantic, were discovered, and frequently at no great distance apart.

We augur, from these facts, a speedy and satisfactory adjustment of the boundary difficulty. Indeed if the joint commission which goes on the line next year should arrive—as it probably will—at the same conclusion respecting the true course of the line, this long continued and vexatious dispute will be finally adjusted before a twelvemonth.

Extensive Fraud.

A conspiracy for swindling has lately been discovered on the Continent of Europe of a very extensive and alarming character. A large number of persons, of different countries, some of them wearing titles of nobility, were concerned in it. And the plan was to counterfeit Letters of Credit from English Houses of established character, whose paper of this description circulates on the Continent, and commands the cash as readily as bank paper. They had contrived a machine to counterfeit the signatures of the firms which they had selected for their purposes, and so perfect was the imitation, that one of the partners in a house in London, upon being shown one of the letters, hesitated whether it was genuine or not. An article having been published in the London Times, giving an account of the plot, the editor was sued for libel, and in preparing for his defence, sent an agent to the continent, who visited almost all the large cities and capitals, and procured a most extraordinary body of evidence of the villany of the combination, and of their depredations by means of their forged paper. They had received £10,000 sterling in different places before they were detected. Finding themselves discovered, they scattered, and probably some of them before this time are in this country.

Lake Navigation.

The General Government has been sadly neglectful of the commerce and navigation of the lakes. To show the amount of business carried on through the lakes, we will give the statistics of a single lake-port—Detroit. By its custom-house books there appears to have been 1605 arrivals and departures from the port of Detroit during the year 1840. From the first of June, 1841, to this date, there have been 1319 entrances and clearances from the same port. The above are exclusive of the steamers and sail vessels. Were the steamers and innumerable other craft, all of which usually perform three trips a week, embraced in the list of arrivals and departures, the amount would exceed two thousand annually. There is enrolled in this district, vessels over twenty tons, 4,975 tons; steamboats, do. 3,509; total, 8,481.

Detroit is but one, however, of many other lake ports. Why is not the attention of Congress turned to this subject? In another column will be found some remarks on improving the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi. Both these subjects may be added to those which, in our leading column, we have declared proper to claim the attention of Congress.

Hassinger and Wright.

These individuals, lately convicted at the General Sessions of this county, were brought up for sentence on Friday the 25th ult. Hassinger was sent to the Penitentiary for three years. Before sentence, he read a paper asking the leniency of the court, and giving as one reason that his family partially depended on him for support. He asserted also that he never intended to derive any personal benefit from the false scrip which he issued on the Norristown Railroad.

Mr. Jonathan M. Wright was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, the court regarding him only as the tool of Hassinger. On Friday evening Mr. Wright received his pardon from the Executive, and is now at liberty. The pardon is generally popular.

New Custom House.

The Madisonian says:—The United States Bank building, we are gratified to learn, is in a fair way of becoming Government property. The Collector of that Port has laid the subject of its purchase before the department at Washington. We trust it will at once become the head quarters of the Collector at Philadelphia.

Artificial Ice.

The following from a London paper shows that the English sometimes overtop even Yankee ingenuity:—

"The proprietors of the patent artificial skating floors have taken the extensive grounds in the New Road, known as Jenkin's nursery grounds, where they are about to exhibit publicly their skating floors. One room will be three hundred feet long and one hundred wide, tastefully arranged and decorated with scientific effect by Mr. Broadwell, the celebrated machinist of Covent Garden Theatre, to whose ingenuity the public will probably be indebted for what can scarcely fail to become a place of great attraction. These artificial floors have all the appearance of ice; and upon it the common skate is used with the same facility as upon real ice. The invention is patronised by many of the Skating Club. Besides public rooms and promenades, there will be rooms for private societies and individual practice, where this elegant art will be taught. The artificial ice is capable of being laid on floors in gentlemen's houses—and we anticipate that more of them will have a skating floor than a billiard room. When not in use, and covered by a carpet, it will have the ordinary appearance of an apartment arranged for domestic comfort."

The Western Waters.

The immense losses on the Western waters, caused by the snags of the Mississippi, call for some movement on the part of the United States to remove these obstructions to navigation. Oftentimes the destruction of property in a single season on the Mississippi and Ohio, would clear these rivers of snags, and render their navigation almost perfectly secure. If these streams were private highways, they would long since have been *put in repair.* It is indeed shameful that so little has been done by the Government towards making these Western rivers safe and navigable. The St. Louis Republican says that $200,000 would clear the Mississippi and Missouri rivers of snags. Sixteen boats, in the trade between St. Louis and New Orleans, have been sunk by snags since the 1st of January last; the boats valued at $317,000, and their cargoes at $353,000. We urge this matter as a national cause. Living, as we do, on the eastern seaboard, we have personally little interest in the matter, but, as members of one nation, brothers in heart and feeling with the West, we maintain every measure that is for the good of the "common weal."

The Germantown Telegraph.

Our brother Freas, who edits a paper about as large and spicy as a pumpkin pie, takes us to task for placing the death of a Congressman under the head of Political Intelligence. Our devil says it was put there in order to let *politicians* see that there was a vacancy. Now we think Freas a clever fellow, but our devil knows a thing or two—so much so, that when we gave him the privilege of selling a couple of dozen of our exchanges every week, he knowingly said that he should take the heaviest, and selected the Telegraph as the first. There is something in the atmosphere of the old Buttonwood—right over against our friend's sanctum—that gives a venerable and weighty character to that excellent weekly, the Telegraph. It is a good paper, and a great favorite with us—more by token, that we always read it as we are going to bed.

Consecration.

The imposing ceremony of the consecration of a Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church took place on Tuesday at St. Mary's church. Five bishops were present. The ceremony of consecration was performed by Arch-Bishop Dubois of Baltimore. The Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick was the subject. He was consecrated Bishop of Drasa and co-adjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis. An appropriate sermon was preached by Bishop England. A large number of bishops, priests, and other officials were present in full dress; and the assemblage of spectators was unusually large. The new Bishop, although young, is a man of great erudition, and learning, extensive, varied and profound. He is one of the best linguists in this country, being a critical scholar in thirteen different languages.

Rogue Detector.

The Daguerreotype process of taking the "human face divine," has now become an instrument of the police in France for the suppression of crime. When any suspicious person or known criminal is arrested, they cause him to be daguerreotyped, and his likeness is appended to the register; so that if, after he is set at liberty, he shall again be implicated in any offence, his likeness being exhibited to the various police agents, the detection becomes more easy. The rogues, however, have found this out, and now, when subjected to the process of daguerreotyping, make such hideous grimaces as entirely to alter the usual expression of their countenance.

Lord Morpeth.

This nobleman was sumptuously entertained at the City Hotel, New York, on Monday evening. The room was splendidly decorated. Victoria, Prince Albert and the President, were all toasted with much enthusiasm. Lord M. was toasted in a complimentary manner. He replied in a neat speech.

The hospitalities thus tendered to a distinguished English statesman do honor to our country, provided no deference for mere rank is mingled with the motives of the entertainers. Honor the man, but a fig for the title.

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the man for a' that."

Mr. Espy.

Mr. Espy has been lecturing to full houses in Boston, and we learn from the Mercantile Journal of that city, that he is now on his way to Philadelphia. He has been engaged now for two or three months, in lecturing in the principal towns and villages in New England, on his favorite subject, and has every where been kindly received. The subject of Meteorology, although an important one, is entirely new to many even intelligent men; but Mr. Espy has succeeded in awakening a feeling upon this subject, in this part of the country, which will lead to enquiry and investigation, and from which we anticipate important results.

Bishop Moore.

Bishop Moore, at the time of his lamented decease, was 80 years of age, 54 of which he actively devoted to the duties of the Christian ministry. He was born in New York and studied medicine, but finally entered the ministry. He was settled on Staten Island 21 years, and afterwards was Rector of St. Stephen's Church, in New York, for five years. During this short period of time nearly 500 members were added to his Church. In May, 1814, he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia. He was actively engaged in his professional duties, when he was seized with an illness which terminated fatally.

From Fayal.

A late arrival from the Azores brings information that the extreme drought, of which such distressing accounts have been given, was followed by copious rains, and the crops revived. The vintage has been unusually abundant, over 19,000 pipes of wine having been made in Pico alone.

The quantity of oil left by the whalers in the islands is unusually large, and vessels are much wanted to bring it to the United States.

The accounts of the earthquake at Terceira are confirmed,—the port was destroyed and several persons perished.

Died in the Desert.

Last year a young minister of New Haven, named Mitchell, went out to Syria, with his young wife, with the intention of disseminating the gospel among the Nestorians of Eastern Asia. In August last, the youthful pair started from Beyrout, and travelled across the desert, until Mr. Mitchell fell sick and died. Without coffin or shroud, he was buried in the sands by the Koords; and his devoted wife, unable to survive his loss, followed him in a few days.

Both husband and wife are spoken of as talented, amiable, and pious beyond comparison.

A New Fuel.

The New York Courier says that the British government has decided on introducing into use by its steamers a peculiar kind of fuel called Grant's patent fuel. They are now advertising for the supply of 25,000 tons of this fuel, to be delivered at their different naval stations. It may therefore be presumed to have been fully tested, and to have been found to possess superior qualities. The fuel is described as "composed of coal dust and a preparation of coal tar or other bituminous matter, to be converted by the influence of heat into a substance resembling pitch."

Central America.

We are indebted to the New York Herald for intelligence from Central America. Honduras papers of the 27th Oct. state there has been a good deal of difficulty among the British and Central Americans in relation to the right and title of some disputed territory—that in which St. Juan del Norte is situated; and judging from all accounts, it appears that the British are determined to possess themselves of Central America.

A Laudable Endeavor.

The friends of Dartmouth College, New England, are engaged in an attempt to raise by subscription the sum of $30,000, for the purpose of enlarging the library, procuring a new and improved philosophical apparatus, and establishing a college press. It is stated that several thousands have been subscribed in Hanover and vicinity, and one thousand in Keene, N. H.

New Publications.

Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine.—December, 1841.—This is Magazine work—and foremost in beauty and merit, comes Graham. Where's the use of modesty in this age of impudence, and bare-faced audacity. What have we here!—a Mezzotint on Steel in Sartain's brilliant style, from one of Landseer's glorious pictures—and, as we live!—a Line and Stipple from Rawdon, Wright & Co.—The Lady Isabel! What a heavenly face! Look at it ye old bachelors and shiver in your desolation. Ha! the Fashions on steel too, and for both sexes,—and colored as no-body but Graham has them done—and lo! the Autographs of *one hundred American writers,* engraved purposely for the Magazine, from Mr. Poe's unrivalled collection, and yet, *sixty pages* of original reading matter, from the most popular American writers, such as

Theodore S. Fay,	Edgar A. Poe,
H. W. Herbert,	Jesse E. Dow, author of Old Ironsides on a Lee Shore,
C. J. Peterson,	
Author of Cruising in the Last War,	G. G. Foster,
J. Tomlin,	N. C. Brooks,
Mrs. L. J. Pierson,	Mrs. R. S. Nichols,
T. G. Spear,	J. Milton Sanders,
A. McMaskin,	D. Maxwell,
J. Ross Browne,	E. G. Squier,

and others, well known as contributors to the prominent Magazines of the day. But what have we here! three more engravings, illustrating a capital story on "Hawking," making *six engravings* and above *one hundred* signatures of American authors engraved purposely for one number. But hold! reader buy the number and read it, else why should we puff it.

Yet bear with us awhile, there are a few things that must be said. The present number closes the year. The next will open a new volume in *magnificent* style. We mean what we say, and do it. We are old enough now to be both egotistical and loquacious, and we shall hereafter use the privilege. The Casket which we owned, and upon which was based the present Magazine, was *the oldest Magazine in the Union,* and gallantly has it within the last year redeemed its fame. All know its history, and the fact that it gave engravings and fashions which were circulated from one end of the Union to the other. We are then the *oldest,* that point settled we premise, that the Gentleman's Magazine which we purchased, and united with the Casket under the title of "Graham's," was the very first Magazine in Philadelphia, to give *original Mezzotint* engravings—mind we say *original,* because we believe—we are not sure—that a second hand mezzotint, which was in fact no mezzotint at all, was issued by another Magazine.

The Casket followed, with several splendid original Mezzotints, and when we united the two, we commenced the publication of a series of beautiful original mezzotint engravings, from the burin of Sartain, and continued them, with the assistance of Mr. Sadd, during the whole of the present year, in every number, with the exception of July. We should not be so particular, but an attempt has been made to do us injustice. We now assert and shall maintain it, that *up to this hour* NO COTEMPORARY has *ever* given an *original Mezzotinto on steel,* not even a *lace pattern* with *colored flowers,* and yet some boast of exclusiveness, and talk of being able to compete with us in Mezzotints, Lace Work, and even in our elegant Fashion plates—ha! ha! hah!!—Why the fellows have never given even a *line engraving* since they were born, equal to "The Lady Isabel" in the present number, and in January we shall issue some plates which will be as far above any thing that has been brought out by others, as the Alpine snows are above the dust of the valley. Why we have beaten them in everything worth attempting—except in boasting of our "resources,"—there they have us on the hip—We can say but little on that point, as the splendor with which we issue our work, must testify that there is no room for accumulation.

Well! well!—if we have done no more good in our day and generation, it must be confessed that we have roused the sleeping energies of Magazine publishers, as if a cannon shot had been fired under their ears at midnight. So the world gets better periodicals from our having entered the business, and though the days for accumulating fortunes may have been swept away forever, there is still a chance for a handsome livelihood, and the people will have the choicest effusions of our best writers, cheaply and widely disseminated, and their influence must tell for weal or woe on generations to come—But don't let us get prosy!

We have now had our say,—and though we cannot for the soul of us write a *bitter* paragraph, as the very ink runs from the pen in playful good nature—we say to our cotemporaries one and all "God speed you."—Never lose your temper,—nor consider it an accomplishment to say ill-natured things—Adhere to the truth, and above *all,* publish good Magazines, and maintain your rights. The country is wide enough for half a dozen clever fellows, with editions of 50,000 each—and by our faith! we seem in a fair way, from the number of prospectus's flying on the wind, of having a *dozen* conducted by *uncommon clever* fellows.

The Lady's Book *for December.*—"Have at it!" By the beard of the prophet we ought to, for the chap gives us several back-handed compliments in the present number, editorial, and by way of prospectus. But faith, we'll not forget the manners of a gentleman for a' that, but "gie him his own," like the Indiaman with the fast horse, who met another upon the road, and requested the driver to "hold in, or he would serve him with the dust, as he did a gentleman a while ago"—"And how was that Pat?" "I gie him his own." "How! did you give him the dust?" "Faith, none a' that same, he gie it to me."

Well, here we have a sixty page number with four engravings, and two pieces of music—pretty well that for a single number we should say, and considering too, that one of the plates is the fashions, colored, and that two of the engravings, "The Pedlar" and "Good Night," are by Dick. "Home," the plate by "Gimbrede," wants *tone,* and the figure of the little girl leaning upon the mother is quite defective. But what right have we to complain—isn't little *chubby* there in the father's arms, as *natural as bare legs* can possibly be—and the mother, too, looks as if she could bake pumpkin pies, and *cut* them *too* upon an emergency. But lo! with a light in her hand, looking as tempting as a ripe cherry—we have "Good Night"—Good night it is, and pleasant dreams to you, my love. May you never know more of care, sin, or sorrow than you do now. And "The Pedlar," too, with his knick-nackery—the cunning rascal. He's "selling off at cost," as his pack has grown somewhat heavy, and his pockets light—Granny, however, wishes to inquire a little into the matter, while the wife of the "gude man" looks very cunningly at him, and praises the goods, to get him to buy—catch him at it. The rusty old curmudgeon would rather smoke his pipe till the stem gets so hot that it burns his lips. He knows the value of a shilling, and the virtue of silence and a frown. So old chap you may as well put off with your goods, notwithstanding the rapture of her at Granny's elbow. You'll get nothing out of old pipe-smoker, and we are much mistaken in Granny if she is not too old to be *stuck.* What not off! By our goose quill, if we were not pent up, under injunctions in a sick room, we would disturb the tranquility of your coat-tails. Nothing like a pedlar for holding on. He's worse than a mustard plaster or a fly-blister. We verily believe that the scoundrel will sell yet, and rob us of the honor of being a prophet—so we'll take a look at the contributors. Leslie, Osgood, Sigourney, and Embury—four pick names—and Walter too, with Mrs. Stedman, now Mrs. Kinney. She did well to change her name, not but the old one was good, but a woman should never be a widow—*long.* We hope, her muse will still prove true. Professor Pendicarte—we don't like the looks of your name or your article—Arthur and Ingraham—the former *does,* the latter can write well. But we are at the bottom of our sheet, and we'll be hanged if the Lady's Book deserves more than two pages of MS. until it learns to treat us better. So reader buy the Book, and see our generosity.

The Orchardist's Companion—No. 3.—*A. Hoffy Publisher and Proprietor, 41 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*—Beautiful indeed, is the third number of Mr. Hoffy's Companion, and fit is it to be the companion of any lady of taste in the land. Was there ever fruit, colored so truthful, so rich, so rare, so like nature. We award only justice to the work, when we say that it is the most beautiful work of the day,—and not only the most beautiful—but is it not among the most useful? What fitter exercise for a person of taste than with "the pencil's mimic shell" to copy the handy-work of nature, to study the delicate touches of her fingers upon the downy cheek of the peach, in the rich hue of the "Summer Pearmain,"—the fine, web-like fibres of the leaf,—on the soft blush of the Apricot, or in the deep purple, and transparent green of the clustering Grape. How well,—how admirably has nature been—robbed shall we say, or—imitated. We do not wonder that Mr. Hoffy attained from the "Fair of the American Institute, New York," the silver medal. From a sister city this is high praise—but well deserved. We have in the present number first a magnificent bunch of grapes "*Chasselas de Jeu,*" from the vinery of Nicholas Biddle, with a letter from that gentleman on the cultivation of foreign grapes in this country; next we have "The Napoleon Pear," a bold green looking chap,—"The Peach Apricot," a real yellow boy,—"Black Frontignac Grape," a glorious bunch,—"Washington Pear"—"Orange Cling Peach," a superior looking fellow, with sides like gold—"Red Magnum Bonum," something to make the mouth water in Paradise—"Pine Apple Punch," with a cheek like a houri, and we'll be bound, it is as sweet—"Hague Crab," a very pretty, but we'll warrant ye' a sour rascal—"Julienne," a pale green beauty—"Bevan's Favorite," The fellow had taste—"Summer Pairmain," would create an appetite under ribs of death. But look at the typography, surpassing elegant, with stout white paper, full round type and a glorious margin,—a page that a gentleman might read—None of your fine diamond type, invented by oculists for the benefit of their profession—and "What will all this lead to," says the reader—To the buying of the work, friend, if you have a soul in your carcass, or a sous in your pocket, or—if you be a bachelor with a fair bewitching, beseeching, troublesome little angel, with a taste for the beautiful, and a will that must be gratified.

The Ladies Companion, *for December* was laid before us promptly on the first of the current month, by Mr. Burgess the agent in this place. The contents of the number are, as usual, varied and excellent; among the writers are Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Annan, Professor Ingraham, Robt. Hamilton and others. "The Tie of Honor" by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens is a fine production, every way worthy indeed of one of the first female minds in the country. "Marriage" by Mrs. Embury is a well-written story.

The embellishments of the number—we are free to say—do not equal in numbers either Graham or Godey, although in quality they are superb. Nothing can be finer for a line engraving than the view of the Capitol at Washington. The other illustration "The Maiden" is well engraved, but the face is "raytherish old"—as Charles Lamb would say—and, to tell the truth, the picture looks like that of an artist. There is a sweetness, even a sunniness about her face, however, which does much to redeem the picture.

On the whole this is a rich number, and, instead of being worth twenty-five cents, should be sold for, at least, a half a dollar.—*W. F. Burgess agent.*

The Works of Francis Bacon, *Lord Chancellor of England—a new edition with a Life of the Author, by Basil Montague, Esq.—to be completed in forty weekly numbers, at twenty-five cents each—Philada. Louis A. Godey—New York, Israel Post—Balt. N. Hickman—Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8.*—The works of Lord Bacon require no praise from the present generation. His efforts to found a new school of philosophy, the complete success of the attempt, and the variety and profound character of his writings, have long since established the fame of Bacon on a basis too firm to be shaken. When we come to speak of so great a mind as his, praise seems almost sacrilege. We will not attempt the task. Those who wish to form a just estimate of the world renowned chancellor should read his life by Montague, and the review of that life by Macauley.

Messrs. Godey, Post and Hickman are engaged in the laudable work of re-publishing Lord Bacon's works in numbers; and they have already progressed to the two hundred and sixty-fourth page of their re-publication. The work, as we said once before, is got up in an elegant style.

Littell's Museum, *for December,* is promptly on our table, full of the choicest selections from the British Magazines. We have first an article from the Dublin University Magazine, on the eccentric Dr. Barrett, whose only fault is that it is somewhat stale. There is also an excellent paper from the London Quarterly, on Mrs. Adams' Letters. Charles O'Malley and Barnaby Rudge are continued. Ruy Lopez, from Fraser's Magazine, is an excellent story. We have, moreover, a review of Pope, from the Spectator; but the Editor gives a higher rank to Pope than we would. The Sea Piece, from the United Service Journal, is well written. Hood's Poem, The Sale of a Trumpet, is full of humor,—and Stavoren, from the Dublin University Magazine, will amply repay a perusal. We see, in short, no flagging in Littell's Museum.

The Young People's Book, *for December,*—This is a very good number of the useful Magazine of our friend Morton McMichael, Esq.—who has, by the bye, late moved into a sort of publishing palace opposite to us, and with whom we can find no fault, except that the glitter of his green and gold signs dazzles our eye-sight and threatens us with premature blindness. But to the book.

The illustrations of this number consist of a spirited line engraving entitled "The Future Commodore,"—and of a half a score and more of excellent wood-cuts illustrating the text. The contents are original, varied, and well written. We commend this Magazine to the peculiar attention of schools, parents and young folks.

The People's Library *for December,* is graced with a line engraving of "Childhood" after a picture by Sully. The engraving is illustrated by a story from the pen of T. S. Arthur, an excellent practical, common sense writer. Then follows a portion of Harry Lorrequer, illustrated by a spirited etching. A good number is this; but are we right—friend Mac—in thinking it tense than usual? *McMichael publisher—Publisher's Hall 110 Chesnut street.*

Removal of Marion City.

The St. Louis New Era states that the buildings in Marion city, on the Mississippi River, "the same town in which so many eastern purchasers got their fingers burned a few years since, are being removed to Hannibal, a town some twelve miles below, on the bank of the river. Lots which sold at from two to six and eight hundred dollars, and frame houses which cost from eight to fifteen hundred dollars, can now be bought at less than a hundred lot and building included. When the buildings are removed to Hannibal, they will be worth something; for there is no town on the Missouri side advancing more rapidly than this same place. Its business is already very large, in a commercial point of view, and within its limits is fast accumulating wealth, industry, population, and all the elements necessary to the creation, at no distant day, of a city. It has a large country with as yet untold resources, dependant upon it for commercial facilities."

Anthracite Iron Cannon.

A large cannon was recently cast at the foundry of Messrs Fatzinger & Salkeld, at Mauch Chunk, Pa. which is said to be as smooth and strong as if it had been cast of charcoal iron. It has been tested, says the Mauch Chunk Courier, with a double charge of powder, and every means used to prove it effectually. We believe this is the first cannon cast in the United States with anthracite iron, and have no doubt but in a short time anthracite will supercede charcoal iron for almost every purpose.

Swiftness of Men.

It is said that men who are used to it will outrun horses, by holding their speed longer. A man will also walk down a horse, for after he has travelled a few days, the horse will be quite tired, but the man will be as fresh for motion as at the beginning. The king's messengers walk to Ispahan, 108 miles in 14 hours. Hottentots outstrip lions in the chase, and savages who hunt the elk, tire it down and take it; they are said to have performed a journey of 8,600 miles in less than six weeks.

Naval Orders.

Commodore Stewart has received orders to take command of the home squadron, and to hoist his broad pennant on board the Independence razee, now at N. York, without delay.

Commodore Read has been appointed to the command of our naval station, in the place of Com. Stewart, ordered as above stated.

Naval Court Martial.

The Secretary of the Navy has ordered a Naval Court Martial to convene at the Navy Yard in this city, for the trial of Captain Bolton, on charges connected with his recent return in the Brandywine Frigate from the Mediterranean. Commodore Jacob Jones to be President of the Court.

Trial Deferred.

The trial of Alex. W. Holmes, one of the crew of the ship Wm. Brown, indicted for manslaughter, which was to come on at the present term of the U. S. Court, has been postponed until the April term, in consequence of Judge Baldwin's leaving the city on official business.

The Reading Railroad.

We learn by a letter, says the Inquirer, that the contractors who are laying the road on the last sections of the line, expect to finish in a week or two, and confidently predict that in the course of next month, coal may be looked for in Philadelphia, by this improvement.

Gov. Buchanan Dead.

We regret to learn that Gov. Buchanan, of Liberia, died at Bassa on the third of September last. He will be lamented by thousands in this country as well as in Africa. Our authority is a letter received in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Removal.

The Post Office Department, at Washington, has been removed within the last few days to the beautiful new marble building, just completed for its accommodation, on E street, between 7th and 8th.

Lost Mail.

Part of the mail from here to Pittsburg, made up and forwarded on the 17th inst. was missing at Pittsburg by the last accounts.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance or six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are expressly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Money Market.

The Money Market here has sustained but little change since our last article on the subject. Business in Philadelphia is closed for the season, and nothing will be done until after the first of January, 1842. Pennsylvania state fives have declined one dollar on the share—they now sell at sixty. We cannot see how this could be otherwise. The state has, of late, made herself a protestor of the banks, and, by consequence, while their condition has been improving, here has been suffering. To explain—the banks have been curtailing their own responsibilities, but the state, by allowing them to issue small notes based on her credit, has been assuming further liabilities. The burden consequently has only changed shoulders. The currency of Pennsylvania is no better than before. An equal, if not greater amount of paper—in proportion to the specie on hand—is in circulation now. The consequence is that we are little better than we were a year since. Yet the necessity of obtaining funds to sustain the plighted faith of the state affords a good excuse for the course the commonwealth has pursued. The whole subject, however, proves that Pennsylvania never will recover herself until she resorts to direct taxation, and the sooner the remedy, however severe, is adopted, the sooner will she stand up once more free and disenthralled. We owe it to ourselves—we owe it to our creditors—we owe it to posterity, to pay off, and that speedily, a portion of the vast debt we have contracted. We are capable of doing it—more capable than any other state in the union; why then should we pause?

In New York there is quite a pinch in the money market. At this season of the year money is always tight in that city, but, this year, it is unusually so. This scarcity of money is partly produced by the large quantities of stock, held by foreigners, that have lately been thrown into the market here, sold for any price, and the proceeds remitted in specie to Europe. If the next steamer should bring out another order of the same character, the Banks of New York and New England will find it difficult to maintain specie payments.

At New York, on Tuesday, sales to a considerable amount were made in State securities. Illinois sixes advanced 1 per cent., Indiana fives declined 1 per cent.; Delaware and Hudson rose 2, Farmers' Trust 1½, and Long Island Railroad 1. Harlem fell off 4. There was but little business doing in bills on London; the quotations are at 9 a 9½ per cent. premium.

The following are the quoted rates of Domestic Exchange at New York.

On Boston,	¼ a ½ dis.	Savannah,	¾ a 1½ dis.
Philadelphia,	¼ a ½ "	Mobile,	9 a 9½ "
Baltimore,	¾ a ¾ "	N. Orleans,	4 a 4½ "
Richmond,	¾ a ¾ "	N. Carolina,	½ a ¾ "
Charleston,	¼ a ½ "	Cincinnati,	12 a 12½ "
Augusta,	¾ a ¾ "	Louisville,	¾ a ¾ "

At New York, Illinois and Indiana stocks have advanced $3 to $6 per share, but are still very low.

In New York for some days past, some excitement has been produced by the brokers refusing to take the bills of the following banks:—Agricultural Bank, Brewer, Me.; Housatonic R. R. Bank at Bridgeport, Conn.; Morris Canal, Lackawa Bank and Trust Co., Allegheny County; Staten Island; St. Lawrence, and James Bank.

In Philadelphia, the state of the stock market may be seen by the following

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
420	shares Girard Bank,	17 1/16
320	do. Pennsylvania Bank,	21
296	do. Phil Wil & Bal R R,	29 3/8
200	do. Reading R R,	29 3/8
100	do. Vicksburg Bank,	37
37	do. Mechanics Bank,	19 1/4
51	do. United States Bank,	4
10	do. Exchange Bank, Pitts,	6 1/2
30	do. American Insurance Co,	3
25	do. Schuylkill Navigation Co,	4 3/4 a 5
50	do. Northern Bank Pa,	1
9	do. Camden & Amboy R R,	40

Financial Record.

THE CASE OF H. B. & G. WILLIAMS VS. THE UNITED STATES.—Chief Justic Taney, in the U. S. Circuit Court at Baltimore, on Wednesday last, gave his opinion, as we learn from the American, in the above case, affirming the opinion of the District Judge, exclaiming the claim of the appellants from being allowed as a set off against the United States, on acceptance of the Post Office Department, for an amount more than the demand sued for. The Judge took the same view as was taken by the Court below, that the general Acts of Congress authorizing discounts in suits in the United States, manifested an intention to keep entirely distinct the revenues of the Post Office Department and those of the Government generally and that this intention would be frustrated as well by permitting a claim due by the Government upon general account to be used as a set-off against a Post Office demand, as by suffering a debt of the Post Office to be used against a demand due the Government upon general account. The case will probably be taken to the Supreme Court.

THE COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—The New York Evening Post and Journal of Commerce have occurred an account of the Foreign Commerce of the United States for the past year. The following are the results

EXPORTS from the United States for the year ending September 30, 1841, $132,085,964
IMPORTS do. do. 101,141,519

EXCESS of Exports over Imports, $24,944,445

The excess of Exports over the Imports was nearly all in the trade with Great Britain.

NAVIGATION.

	Entered.	*Cleared.*
American tonnage,	1,576,946	1,647,109
Foreign do.	712,063	706,446
	2,289,309	2,353,595

ASSESSMENT IN MARYLAND.—The Baltimore American says:—The assessment of real and personal property in Maryland has been finished, and is now under revisement. In the city of Baltimore the aggregate amount of the assessment will amount, it is supposed, to about sixty millions, in Baltimore county to about fifteen millions, and in Frederick county to about eight millions. According to this data the aggregate valuation of the real and personal property in Maryland will fall considerably under *two hundred millions*—and at the rate of taxation imposed by the tax bill passed at the last session, will produce less than $400,000 annually, not calculating the expense of collecting it. The annual deficiency to be made up by taxation is estimated at $600,000.

STEAMBOATS OWNED IN ST. LOUIS.—According to the St. Louis Republican, the number of steamboats owned in that city, is sixty-two, valued at $556,500, and their first cost at $57,150. Two boats are now building for this trade, which will increase the entire tonnage to 12,552 tons, and place us, we believe, in advance of any town in the Valley of the Mississippi in this department of trade.

The loss by the sinking of steamboats in this trade from the 1st of January last, including their cargoes, is estimated at about $100,000.

MONEY MATTERS IN BALTIMORE.—At a currency convention held in Baltimore on Monday evening, the following resolution was adopted

Resolved, That a committee of one from each ward be appointed to take into consideration the plan heretofore recommended to the citizens in relation to the Rail Road Orders, and to report fully upon the subject; and that his honor the Mayor, and the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, be requested to give their aid and co-operation to said committee.

THE WESTERN RAILROAD.—A writer in the Boston Atlas estimates the net revenue of the Western Railroad for 1842, at $1,341,000—or 20 per cent. on its cost. This, the Troy Whig thinks is greatly exaggerated, for although the various items adduced by the writer in support of his position, are undoubtedly correct, yet he should bear in mind that more than one half of them will be transported to Boston and Hartford by water. If the Western Railroad pays six per cent. the first year, it will be doing an excellent business.

FIRES IN MOBILE.—During the year ending 1st November, there were thirty three fires and alarms at Mobile; five were extinguished before the arrival of the engines. One brick and eighteen frame buildings have been destroyed, at a loss of about $15,000. Nine fires in which is included the bulk of the loss were supposed to be the work of incendiaries. The amount of insurance on the above buildings was trifling.

A LARGE DIVIDEND.—The managers of the Erie and Wyoming Turnpike Road Company have declared a dividend of twelve per cent. on the capital of said company, for the last year. This we believe is the largest dividend ever declared by a turnpike company in the State.

THE RIGHT WAY.—About $100,000 have been subscribed in Hartford to the stock of the Hartford and Springfield Railroad. This is the right way to build a railroad—infinitely better than running the city or the State into the crushing vortex of debt, to raise the funds.

CANAL TOLLS.—The New York American says that the entire revenue of the State Canals up to the present time, for this year, will exceed *two millions of dollars*.

Political Intelligence.

THE LEGISLATURE OF ALABAMA.—A preamble and resolutions are before the Legislature of Alabama, which will probably be adopted. They go for rejecting the proceeds arising to that State from the act of Congress for the distribution of the public lands. The preamble asserts that that act invades the rights of the states—it also declares that the bill "is a gross and palpable violation of the Constitution of the United States." One of the resolutions instructs the Representatives from that State to use their endeavors to have it repealed.

INVESTMENT OF A JUDGE.—At the meeting of the Legislature of South Carolina, on the 24th instant, Mr. Dudley, member from Marlborough, introduced a resolution impeaching Judge R. S. Guist, of *incompetency* to discharge the high duties of his office. After much discussion, the matter was laid over to the following day. Intemperance is said to be the cause of the Judge's incompetency.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA is in session. The Governor's message was presented to that body on the 24 inst. It fills six columns of the Mercury. In the House notice was given that the treasury banks would be laid hold of on Friday last. On Tuesday, Judge Huger introduced a bill in the Senate *to reject the money offered the State* under Mr. Clay's Distribution Bill.

PARTIES IN CONGRESS.—According to the Journal of Commerce, there will be 137 Whigs, 100 Democrats and 5 vacancies in the House of Representatives, at the approaching session. It may be the parties are justly classified—and in the present posture, it is uncertain how politicians stand or *where they are*.

MORE RESIGNATIONS.—It is said in New Orleans that Judge White intends to resign his seat in Congress, as a member of the House from Louisiana. The resignations of Mr. Clay, the Senator from Alabama, was received by the Legislature of the State on the 15th. Gov. Bagby is expected to succeed him.

MR. CLAY.—The Lexington Intelligencer announces the entire restoration of the health of the Hon. Henry Clay, and says that he intends to leave Ashland in a few days for Washington. The rumor that he only waits the meeting of the Legislature to tender his resignation is unfounded.

BIENNIAL LEGISLATURE.—The act of the last session of the General Assembly of Georgia, to change the meetings of the Legislature from annual to biennial, has passed the present House of Representatives of that State by a vote of 176 yeas to 8 nays.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whigs of the Bay State have elected 198 members in all to the Legislature. The Democrats have 172, and the Whig majority in the House of Representatives will be 16.

RESIGNATION.—The Hon. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, has resigned his seat in the United States Senate. The Charleston Mercury mentions a rumor that Mr. Preston is also expected to resign.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF VIRGINIA will convene on Monday. There is a Governor to elect, in addition to the usual legislation.

General News.

IOWA.—A letter from Iowa to the New York Express says:—Our summer has been pleasant, and the health of our Territory much better than during the two preceding years. Crops have been good—so good that corn is selling here to be shipped at sixteen cents, per bushel—oats for sixteen, wheat fifty, and pork at $2.50 per cwt. in exchange for goods at a profit to the merchant of near one hundred per cent. This Territory will be great for agriculture. This county is scarce five years old. Judge of its improvement, when I inform you that there are farms in it having some eight hundred acres under cultivation, and stocked in proportion. I will instance the farm of a Mr. Thompson, who has four hundred acres in corn, one hundred acres in wheat, and one hundred in oats, four or five hundred head of sheep, and hogs, horses, and cattle in proportion. Corn will average some fifty or sixty bushels to the acre. Wheat and oats rate accordingly.

MAGNIFICENT FRUIT.—The Massachusetts Spy states that the Duchess d'Angoulême Pear, a new French fruit, has recently come into bearing in this country. It weighs sometimes from sixteen to twenty ounces, and, when at maturity, is one of the most superb in appearance, being of nearly a golden yellow hue with a fine bright blush on the sunny side. Specimens were exhibited at the Annual Horticultural exhibition in Boston and Worcester. They were not, however, then at maturity. We learn by the Boston papers, that superior specimens were exhibited at one of the recent weekly shows, by B. V. French. A portion of them were allowed sold to a grocer, who retailed them out at *fifty cents* each. In France, the Duchess d'Angoulême is considered one of the very first of pears in quality.

COLLISION AT SEA.—The New York Express says, "The ship Saladin arrived on Sunday from Newcastle, England, reports that on the 27th instant, at 4 A. M., while in the act of going in stay—the Hook, was run into by a fore and all schooner which done the ship some damage. After getting clear, both of the schooner's anchors went in board, and she appeared to sink. The Ship came to anchor, and boasted out a boat to go to their relief, but after searching an hour returned to the ship without able to find them. At daylight next morning discovered a schooner on shore on the beach with both masts alongside.

SMOKING ACCIDENT.—A most shocking and painful accident occurred a few miles east of Cumberland, on Tuesday last. The Cumberland says:—A lad between the age of ten and twelve years, whose parents reside at the Narrows in this county, while driving a six horse team attached to a large coal wagon, attempted to bear down the rubber to descending hills, when he mounted, left the front and hind wheels passing over his thighs, breaking both of them, and otherwise injuring him, so that it is rendered an impossibility for him to survive the injury.

A CURIOSITY.—The greatest curiosity in the world, says the Massachusetts Spy, is now exhibiting in this town, in the person of Jame Washburn, the wonderful Dwarf, decidedly the smallest man in creation! He is but 17th years, weighs but twenty-three pounds, and is only thirty-six inches in height! He is in good health, has fine speaking eyes, is active, intelligent, in short a perfect man in miniature. He is said to have been born in Vermont, and reared growing at an early period without any assignable cause.

THE PRINCE OF JONVILLE.—Mr. Walsh writes in the National Intelligencer:—Louis's satisfaction has been expressed by the royal family and the ministerial journals of the American reception of the Prince de Joinville. The Chamber styles him Administrateur de la Belle Poule, but his character and conduct have a degree of merit which renders such mere harmless. His chief object in his American tour is said here to be a thorough acquaintance with your steam navigation."

THE GREAT WESTERN.—We see it stated, every now and then, that this noble ship has lost so much money for her owners that they have determined to abandon their enterprise and withdraw her from the Atlantic. But it is not so. She will be here again early in the Spring, and be followed during the summer by her incarnation in one number of thirty two hundred tons and six masts, propelled by a screw in the stern, of fifteen feet diameter.

FOSSIL REMAINS IN BUENOS AYRES.—Eleven cases of these remains have been recently transmitted to the Governor of that province by an enthusiast on this subject. They were dug up near the margin of the River Lujan, and about 20 leagues W. S. W. of Buenos Ayres. They were found about eighteen feet below the surface of the ground; a greater part of them are calcined, some are enveloped in calcareous substances, and a few are petrified.

THE WINNEBAGOES.—A correspondent of the Galena Gazette, writing from Prairie du Chien, under date of Nov 4 says, that the Commissioners appointed to treat with the Winnebagoes, to induce them to remove farther North, will not be able to accomplish their object. Some of the chiefs will not meet them. Those who have had a talk say in plain terms, they will hear no further propositions, as they do not want to move again.

PORK AND BEEF IN THE WEST.—The Maysville Eagle says:—In this city, we understand, Pork dealers are paying the unusually low price of $1.50 for Pork, gross weight. We further learn that it is selling on the other side of the river at $1.50 per 100 lbs. net. The price of Pork has not been so low, at any previous period, for thirteen years."

MORE RIO RAIL.—The Pittsburg Chronicle says:—The resignations of William Pintnell was forfeited on Wednesday week, in the United States Court. He was engaged in the Boddler mail robberies, and gave bail in $6000—himself in $4000, and two sureties in $1000 each. Pintnell has absconded, and his bail ain't worth a copper."

MYSTERIOUS.—Some two months since the Hon. Robert P. Flenning, a member of our State Senate from Lycoming county, started for Illinois on professional business. Since that time no intelligence of him has reached his distressed family; and fear is entertained that he has fallen a victim either to disease or violence.

A FATAL RENCONTRE.—A rencontre recently took place, between a young man named McKissick, and Pitt Coleman, Esq., in Hernando, Miss., in which the latter was mortally wounded, and has since died. Upon a hearing before a magistrate, McKissick was discharged upon the ground of self-defence.

FIRE IN THE SWAMPS.—The Norfolk papers state that the Great Dismal Swamp, and all the smaller cures tributary to it have been on fire for some days. Much valuable timber had been destroyed, and the fire approached the line of the railroad, a few miles from Suffolk.

SMALL POX AT TAHITI.—Capt. Brown, of the whaling ship Chas. Frederick, arrived at New Bedford, reports that the small pox was raging violently at Tahiti, on the last of July, so much that he could not obtain a reinforcement to the number of his crew.

ACCIDENT.—A storm at Pittsburgh on Sunday week, plentifully threatened to shed a little coloured blood. The bells fellow attempted to return to the point which stood off in the middle of the river, though it is hoped not mortally, wounding the bay.

SCALDED TO DEATH.—A son of Dr. J. L. Ickes, of Mifflin county, Pa., between five and six years of age, was scalded to death a day or two since, by falling into a vessel of boiling water. He survived the accident only a few minutes.

ROBBERS IN CINCINNATI.—The Cincinnati Gazette says:—We have murderers and robbers again in our midst, who carry out their villanies purposes without interruption or apprehension—in the very business centre of this city.

REMOVAL OF RED RIVER RAFT.—The Alexandria Whig states that there appears to be some hope, at last, that the raft of Red River will be finally removed. It will be a most great agricultural country above it be brought to the market by reason thereof. Messrs. Vawter and Williamson have made a contract with Government to the following effect, we understand:—For the sum of $64,000 these gentlemen have contracted to remove the raft and keep the channel open for the space of five years. There can be but little doubt now that this work will be speedily accomplished; for the gentlemen engaged in it are thoroughly acquainted with the country, are wealthy, and possess all the intelligence and active business habits essential to success in an undertaking of such magnitude. Mr. Williamson is already at the raft, busily at work, and contemplated having it opened by the 1st of January next. Laborers are in demand to work on it at $25 per month.

GREAT FIRE.—*Fourteen Houses Burned.*—In New York on Saturday night, about 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in the livery stable of Thomas Mack, in Cliff street, next door to the corner of Beekman street. A gentleman discovered the fire in season to have it put out before much damage was done, but he was prevented from breaking open the door by the Insurance Captain, who was on the spot. As it was, only four horses from the second stable were saved. All the horses in the stable where the fire originated, said to be fourteen, perished. Mack was just getting on in business. He was a cab proprietor and livery stable keeper. In the front premises were his horses, he is a man of justly high standing, and Mr. Mack is very considerable. The building was insured for $4500 in two offices.

A DESPERATE RUFFIAN, named Yonkum, the head of a gang in Texas named the Yonkum gang, has been recently punished with death according to the fashion of some portions of that country and of the United States, that is the lynch process. On the very eve of committing a horrible deed, he was discovered by a party of citizens and shot down together with two of his comrades. This man was a rich planter in Texas, owned more than a hundred negroes, and large tracts of land, and had a large revenue coming in from various sources. He was in fact the richest man in all Texas. Yet he could not resist the pleasure to him of rapine and murder. One of his gang who was caught alive, after which would, in all human probability be even more tragical."

PENNSYLVANIA STAR.—A report of the silk operations in a portion of Lancaster county, in this State, gives the following

"Charles Herr raised and reeled 552 lbs. of cocoons. John Lemon and brother raised 534 lbs. of cocoons, and reeled 60 lbs. of silk, and are now purchasing cocoons and reeling daily; Chas. Carson raised and reeled 524½ lbs. of cocoons; Dr. Bowman raised 188 lbs. of cocoons, John Winder 264; Mr. Millinger 166, John Mutzler 78, Parker & Kentz 143, Mr. Demuth 190, two young ladies at Lititz 68. Numerous others raised smaller quantities, all the way from 50 to 50 pounds each. The above named quantities will, of course, yield two hundred and seventy pounds of reeled silk."

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THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CANADA.—By despatches received at Kingston, it appears that the steamer Sir, in which Governor Metcalfe left Quebec, had been detained, in consequence of an accident, to put back to Portsmouth, and that the Governor would, therefore, proceed to Canada on board the ship Hibernia, which was expected to sail about the 10th ult. As, however, it would be impossible for that vessel at this season to enter the St. Lawrence, His Excellency would proceed at once either to New York or Boston, from whence he would proceed to Kingston, where he may be expected to arrive about the middle or end of December.

ACT UNIVERSITY.—The Louisville Gazette mentions a scene of a comical nature, that occurred in that city a short time ago. A number of Stars and Fates were exhibiting in that city, and other speculators of their race, when a man named Lambert, pretty well *corned*, clambered over upon the stage, and without parley began to knock the Indians over. Of course this voluntary performance was soon stopped—but upon inquiry, it was ascertained that some relatives of his had been killed by Indians, and he thought that a fine opportunity to settle the account. It was fortunate that the occurrence did not take a more tragical end.

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AN ARGONAUT.—We learn from the Warsaw Signal, that the gentlemen composing the Board to select an Armory site, arrived there some days ago, and immediately commenced their examinations. They have gone up the river as high as Rock Island, with a view to ascertain the relative advantages afforded by the Upper and Lower Rapids, for a suitable water power. It is stated that the Commissioners are inclined to be of opinion that the site will be selected on the Mississippi, and expressed a preference for a locality where an abundant water power might be obtained.

BISHOP HUGHES.—The prelate, bishop of New York, has put forth a long letter, in which he discusses the propriety of taking the school funds from the Public Schools. The gist of the bishop's demand are that either no religious services should be permitted in the public schools, or else that the Catholics should have a pro rata share of the school fund to establish Catholic schools. The bishop also demands, in case of the adoption of the former alternative, the expulsion of the Protestant Bible from the public schools.

COMMON SCHOOLS IN NEW JERSEY.—New Jersey has 1,104 school districts, of which 1,000 have made the required reports from but 821. In those which have reported, there were 54,430 children between the ages of 5 and 16, of whom 41,010 attended school. The number of children between the same ages is estimated at 96,954. The number of children attending primary and common schools was stated in the census to be 51,335, leaving the number without education in the State at 45,519.

BURNT TO DEATH.—The Baltimore Sun states that on Monday last, about daylight, John Thos. Rowe, aged about three years, son of Mr. Robert Rowe, who resides in Maiden lane, was very severely burnt by his clothes taking fire. The parents had arisen, leaving the child in bed, with a burning lamp in the room, and it is supposed that in getting out of bed he night clothes came in contact with the blaze. He has since died.

MR. LIND AGAIN IN JAIL.—This notorious person is again in jail, not for boasting of having committed a murder, but for not paying his debts. He was formerly deputy sheriff. His bondsmen have been obliged to pay large sums on account of his official delinquencies. On his return to Niagara, he was arrested on civil process, and for want of bail is now confined in a *Hotch* prison.

MORE SUDDEN DEATH.—On Monday night last, an Englishman by the name of Joseph Thornton fell out of his bed and broke his neck, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He had gone to bed intoxicated, and the accident happened in about half an hour afterwards. He was about sixty years of age, and has left a family of children in England, whom he was preparing to visit.

EARLY FLIGHT.—The greatest exploit of travel ever made on the side of the Atlantic—or the other either for aught we know—was performed by Mr. Clayton, the celebrated aeronaut. He started from Cincinnati in a balloon, and travelled thence to the Alleghany Mountains a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, in nine and a half hours!

FEMALES.—It is computed that $4,000,000 are annually earned by the females in Massachusetts employed in the various factories and manufactories of straw hats, stocks, and all the various other articles for which New England is noted. The number of females so employed is about 40,000 of whom 25,000 are in the woollen factories.

DELAWARE BRIDGE.—The bridges which were swept away last February are nearly all rebuilt. The Taylorville and New Hope Bridges are so nearly completed as to be fit for use. The Center bridge is so near completed as to admit the crossing of all kinds of carriages.

DEPARTED.—On the arrival of the Caledonia at Liverpool, express were despatched by the Postmaster General to London, two hundred and nine miles, in less than six hours.

THE HUDSON RIVER will close shortly. On Tuesday night the boats found plenty of floating ice

Missouri Tobacco.

At a meeting of the citizens of St. Louis, held on the 23th of October last, a joint select committee from that body was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the expediency of procuring or offering a tobacco inspection warehouse. The committee, after mature deliberation, made a favorable report in the premises, and named a site for the erection of a large warehouse. The St. Louis Republican, in publishing the report and bill presented; the Unquid by the committee, has the following among other paragraphs

"It is a notorious fact that the trade and commerce of all States have flourished and advanced rapidly, where the land was adapted and attention paid to the growing of this staple. The success which has attended the efforts to cultivate Tobacco in this State, Iowa, Wisconsin and the north part of Illinois, demonstrate the fitness of the climate for its profitable culture."

The crop of Missouri tobacco in 1841, although the business of growing that staple is yet in its infancy thereof, is estimated by persons who are well versed in the matter, at not less than twelve thousand hogsheads. The crop of 1842 is estimated at 20,000 hogsheads.

City News.

FORGERY.—We have to record another instance of most flagrant description. On Wednesday Messrs. Lare & Moore, one of the most respectable mercantile firms of our city, discovered that money had been drawn from banks in their names but without their authority, and on a inquiry they discovered that forgeries had been committed to the following extent

On the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank,	$5,000
" Pennsylvania Bank,	2,500
" Philadelphia Bank,	1,500
" Mechanics' Bank,	500
all in the name of Lare & Moore	
and on the Bank of North America, in the name of Manuel Eyre	4,000
	$13,500

Enquiry was soon set on foot, and it was found that the book-keeper of the firm Maurice Pitcher was absent, nor was any one able to account for his absence.

It does not appear that any of the broker or cashier changed the money—the most, therefore, it is probable, has all his ill-gotten cash in bank notes. These seems now to be no doubt that Mr. Pitcher was the author of the mischief, as the checks were regularly *countersigned*, and were drawn on so many banks in which Messrs. E. & M. kept accounts, proving that some one who knew the business of the house was concerned. We may, therefore, do a piece of justice but add in a, by stating that Pitcher was about nineteen years old, five feet seven inches in height, has sandy hair; has face is much pimpled or blotched, and his eyelids considerably inflamed; he has light eyes and a small nose.

The forged checks were paid on Tuesday, and it was mentioned to us that a brother of Pitcher left the city on that day, and it is probable that Pitcher followed.

A CAUTION AND AN EXAMPLE.—The clothes of a colored servant girl of N. Sargent, Esq., took fire on Monday, while she was at work in a basement kitchen. In an instant she was wrapped in a blaze, and in this condition, uttering terrible screams, she ran up to the parlor where Mrs. S. was. The sight was appalling, but Mrs. S. had the presence of mind to seize the girl and throw her on the floor cloth, which she wrapped around her. In the meantime a daughter, the only other person in the house, brought several buckets of water, with which the fire was extinguished.

Both the colored girl and Mrs. S were badly burned, and nothing saved the life of the former but the presence of mind of the latter. Let those be cautious who have to work about a fire when dressed in cotton clothes; and let others remember that the only way to extinguish the flame in such a case is to smother it by wrapping round the person a woollen blanket, floor cloth, or whatever can be most readily obtained that is made of wool.

HEAVY VERDICT.—In the case of ——Thompson, trustee of Caroline E. Norris, vs. ex-Sheriff John G. Watmough, and T. W. L. Freeman, auctioneer, to recover damages for the seizure and sale of a large quantity of personal property, tried in the Supreme Court, the jury on Monday morning gave a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for the sum of $5575 85 cents. It appears the articles were held by the trustee under a deed of trust, being the same goods conveyed by the assignment of Joseph P. Norris, jr. the husband of Mrs. Norris to Samuel Norris, for money loaned. Notice of these facts was given to the Sheriff, who being indemnified by the judgment creditors of Mr. Norris, jr. proceeded to execute the lawful fiat.

A BAD ACT.—The Philadelphia train of cars due at Baltimore, on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, did not reach that city, till three in the afternoon. The detention was not caused by the snow, but by the diabolical act of some villian, who had placed a beam of wood across the track, which had the effect of throwing the train off the rails. No person, we hear, was hurt, but the passengers were compelled to wait until cars were brought from Havre de Grace for their relief.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—The four blocks of houses put up by Isaac Lloyd, Esq. some year or more since, are all to be finished in a superior manner this winter. The fronts are to be painted with a stone preparation, composed principally of white lead. When these with other buildings in the same neighborhood shall be completed, it will be the most pleasant, as well as the handsomest part of our city.

THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.—This society celebrated their Anniversary at the Merchants Hotel, on Tuesday evening. Between sixty and seventy gentlemen sat down to a dinner served up in an admirable manner, and the festivities lasted until a late hour. Among the invited guests were Chief Justice Gibson and the Reverend Doctor Wylie.

OUTRAGE.—A boatman belonging to New York, named Johnson, whose name should also be attached to death, by a party of ruffians on the Schuylkill, on Saturday night. He was discovered by the watchman lying in a state of insensibility.

STEEPLEJACKS.—On Wednesday evening a man named Brannan, who stands in market for the sale of commodities, was fined by the Mayor five dollars and costs, for using steelyards in weighing some pork, on Saturday last.

Army & Navy.

THE NORFOLK NAVY YARD is full of activity at the present time. The "Constitution," recently from sea, has been docked, with directions to get her in immediate readiness for fresh service. A correspondent of the New York Courier, writing from Norfolk on the 25th, says:

The Levant is now on her way home from the West Indies, where, officers, he says and officers are going immediately on board the Vandalia; and the latter remains in the harbor, while a prisoner, but from the belief that he is satisfied with his former campaign to Texas, and will not be anxious to become an actor in a second drama, the exit of which would, in all human probability be even more tragical."

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AN ARGONAUT.—We learn from the Warsaw Signal, that the gentlemen composing the Board to select an Armory site, arrived there some days ago, and immediately commenced their examinations. They have gone up the river as high as Rock Island, with a view to ascertain the relative advantages afforded by the Upper and Lower Rapids, for a suitable water power. It is stated that the Commissioners are inclined to be of opinion that the site will be selected on the Mississippi, and expressed a preference for a locality where an abundant water power might be obtained.

BISHOP HUGHES.—The prelate, bishop of New York, has put forth a long letter, in which he discusses the propriety of taking the school funds from the Public Schools. The gist of the bishop's demand are that either no religious services should be permitted in the public schools, or else that the Catholics should have a pro rata share of the school fund to establish Catholic schools. The bishop also demands, in case of the adoption of the former alternative, the expulsion of the Protestant Bible from the public schools.

COMMON SCHOOLS IN NEW JERSEY.—New Jersey has 1,104 school districts, of which 1,000 have made the required reports from but 821. In those which have reported, there were 54,430 children between the ages of 5 and 16, of whom 41,010 attended school. The number of children between the same ages is estimated at 96,954. The number of children attending primary and common schools was stated in the census to be 51,335, leaving the number without education in the State at 45,519.

BURNT TO DEATH.—The Baltimore Sun states that on Monday last, about daylight, John Thos. Rowe, aged about three years, son of Mr. Robert Rowe, who resides in Maiden lane, was very severely burnt by his clothes taking fire. The parents had arisen, leaving the child in bed, with a burning lamp in the room, and it is supposed that in getting out of bed he night clothes came in contact with the blaze. He has since died.

MR. LIND AGAIN IN JAIL.—This notorious person is again in jail, not for boasting of having committed a murder, but for not paying his debts. He was formerly deputy sheriff. His bondsmen have been obliged to pay large sums on account of his official delinquencies. On his return to Niagara, he was arrested on civil process, and for want of bail is now confined in a *Hotch* prison.

MORE SUDDEN DEATH.—On Monday night last, an Englishman by the name of Joseph Thornton fell out of his bed and broke his neck, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He had gone to bed intoxicated, and the accident happened in about half an hour afterwards. He was about sixty years of age, and has left a family of children in England, whom he was preparing to visit.

EARLY FLIGHT.—The greatest exploit of travel ever made on the side of the Atlantic—or the other either for aught we know—was performed by Mr. Clayton, the celebrated aeronaut. He started from Cincinnati in a balloon, and travelled thence to the Alleghany Mountains a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, in nine and a half hours!

FEMALES.—It is computed that $4,000,000 are annually earned by the females in Massachusetts employed in the various factories and manufactories of straw hats, stocks, and all the various other articles for which New England is noted. The number of females so employed is about 40,000 of whom 25,000 are in the woollen factories.

DELAWARE BRIDGE.—The bridges which were swept away last February are nearly all rebuilt. The Taylorville and New Hope Bridges are so nearly completed as to be fit for use. The Center bridge is so near completed as to admit the crossing of all kinds of carriages.

DEPAR

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its force.

The Last Cigar.

Twas of the blue Canaries,
A glorious summer's day,
I sat upon the quarter deck,
And whiffed my cares away;
And as the volumed smoke arose,
Like incense on the air,
I heaved a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned against the quarter rail,
And gazed down in the sea,
E'en there then the airy wreaths of smoke
Were curling gracefully;
Oh! what had I at such a time,
To do with wasting care,
Alas, the trembling star proclaimed
It was my last cigar!

I watched the pulse in thy cause,
Fast moving toward the end;
I sminched it as a friend will watch,
Beside his dying friend—
I could not speak—I could not stir,
But like a statue there,
I whiffed the messy volumes out,
Of that divine cigar!

At length the pile of ashes fell,
Like child from mother torn,
And the smoke that I drew in and out,
Grew wagm and yet more warm,
I took one last, one lingering whiff—
A whiff of long despair—
And threw it from me—upon the tide,
It was my last cigar!

I've seen the land of all I loved,
I hide in the distance dim—
And sighed above the blighted hour,
Where once proud hope had been,
But never have I felt a thrill,
Which could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries,
I smoke my last cigar.

NEW PHILOSOPHY.—A couple of chaps, says a Cincinnati paper, born the other side of the Atlantic, met the other day, and, although strangers to each other, soon got into a sociable chat:

"What do you call yourself?" says one.

"A man, sir."

"No, no! I mean where do you hail from, what is your native State?"

"Oh!—I am a Buckeye."

"Born in Ohio with that brogue? ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop! stop! not so fast, according to the science of phisiology, every seven years a man puts off the old body, and gets a new one. I have been in this state seven years and a day, and I'll be whipped if I don't think I'm a regular built native."

"Well, if you are a Buckeye, the soil of Ohio must be very productive."

WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.—The following pointed lines are to be seen on a tomb-stone in New Orleans.

Here I lay,
Bound in clay
When I drank
To have I stand,
But I couldn't,
So I wouldn't,
Now I death
From a tank,
Always blue,
And merry too;
My nose turned red,
Then I was dead!

HOW TO TRY A CAUSE.—According to the Asiatic researches, a very curious mode of trying the title of land is practiced in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the client, and not the lawyer, who puts his foot in it.

CHEMICAL WIT.—At a country church, where it is customary for women to stand on one side, and the men on the other, two of the latter talked so loud as to interrupt the service. A female of the congregation, happy in having an opportunity of vindicating her sex, exultingly requested the curate to take notice that the disturbance was not on her side of the house. "So much the better, good woman," replied he, "it will be the sooner over."

NO DOUBT.—"I see," said a young lady, yesterday, "that some hoaxsellers advertise 'blank declamations' for sale. I wish I could get one."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Because, ma, Mr. G——— is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the 'question,' he would sign it."

THE TIME OF DAY.—"What o'clock, Pat?" inquired a traveler.

"Next to nothing," answered the Milesian with great confidence.

"What do you mean?" asked the traveller.

"Not quite one," replied Pat, "an it follows, of course, that what isn't one, is next to nothing."

SEVERE REPORT.—A grandee of Spain handing some refreshments to a circle of ladies, observed one with a most brilliant ring, and was rude enough to say in her hearing, "I should prefer the ring to the hand." "And I, said the lady, looking steadfastly at the glittering order—suspending to the dog's neck, should prefer the collar to the beast."

PRETTY FEET INDEED.—A woman was standing at the brink of a river where there was no bridge, at a loss how to get over. A man coming by, offered to wade over with her in his arms, to which she agreed. As they were crossing she said, "For heaven's sake don't let me fall, for my feet have not been wet these seven years."

SPORTING ANECDOTE.—Two sporting men discoursing about a horse that had lost a race one of them by way of apology observed, "that the cause of it was an accident, his running against a wagon," to which the other who affected not to understand him archly replied, "Why what else was he to run against?"

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD."—New Haven is distinguished for its schools and colleges, yet the Herald says, the following chinese sign-board is hung out in that enlightened city —

"*Undertakings and Parcooles made cosed and repared in the neatest manner.*"

NOT PARTICULAR.—One of the candidates at the late election in New Orleans, on being asked what his principles were, replied naively, "Oh, I'm in favor of all the great rulling features and principles of the present day, except a wife." Of course he lost his election.

JUVENILE INDEPENDENCE.—"Mother wants to know if you will lend her two sticks of wood?" "Yes, there are a couple of logs you may take—but you have not returned the last." "No—no! I won't those unless you split them for me."

ROYAL WISDOM.—When Field Marshall his Royal Highness Prince Albert, was asked, at the review of his troops, "had he thought of the soldiers of the soldiers, he exclaimed, "a beautiful! beautiful! he talks immortalize himself!"

A HUNGRY MAN.—A man in Cincinnati, having fasted for six months, became so intensely hungry, that he ate himself up, and didn't discover his mistake till he saw one of his neighbor's dogs picking his bones.

FEW DOUBLE THEM.—"More guns" says the taper. "More money," says the miser. "More beauty," says the maiden. "More subscribers," says the editor. But there are few who desire more virtue, wisdom and grace.

QUITE ENOUGH.—A culprit being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be executed against him, replied "He had nothing to say, as too much had been said about it already."

LEARNING TOO MUCH.—"Boy, why don't you go to school?" "Reason, sir, daddy is alarmed if I learns every thing now, I slant leave any thing to learn when I venture to go to the academy."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—"What I admire in Christopher Columbus," says Turgot, "is not his having discovered the world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion."

INSTINCTIVE.—"Pa, can *cats hear?*"

"No, child, of course not."

"What is it puff eyes for then?"

"Jane, put Thomas to bed."

ABSOLUTE OF DR. HUME.—A young lady inquired of Dr. Hume the cause of a sigh. "The cause," replied the Doctor, in one with the occasion. It is owing to lass-itude."

A WONDERFUL CUT.—A man down east advertised for exhibition a cherry-colored cat. Every one went to see the "cherry cat"—when they found a *black* kitten.

LOVE.—Sam Slick says that getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk. The more action lower the more he wants to. Sam knows a thing or two.

A GOOD UNE.—A boy was asked "does the Leopard ever change his spots?" "Yes, sir, when he is tired of one spot, he goes to another."

GUESS TO KILL.—The Western papers state that the Mississippi has *gained one foot*. When it *gains the other foot*, it will probably *rise*.

CONSEQUENCE.—Why is a "*red dog*" like an individual who makes bread? Because he is a *bug-cur (baker)*.

HOW TO DISCOVER A MAN.—Pass round a contribution box.

A Thrilling Sketch.

A new work has been issued by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, entitled "*Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe. By a lady of Virginia.*" It is from the pen of the lady of a distinguished Senator of Virginia; and its elegance of style and richness of fancy is every way worthy of such an origin. The first of the narratives entitled "A Tale of Our Ancestors," is particularly interesting. The scene is laid in England and France in the early part of the story, and in Virginia at the latter part. The time is that of the reign of Louis XV. the most brilliant and extravagant of modern times, with reference to the splendor and luxury of the court. The Parisian scenes which the fair authoress gives, afford a glimpse of Louis's court at that time. In the Virginian part of the story a famous Indian character is introduced—no less a personage than Logan himself. We give below a passage of the story in which he figures, and which affords a fair specimen of the style and character of the book.

A Catastrophe.

"Tun est comme Satan a mauvaise l'abyme.
Et son âme y plongeant lois du jour et de Dieu,
A dit a l'espérance *en éternel adieu!*"

LAMARTINE.

"Gently and sweetly did the few remaining days of the sojourn of our visitors in this lovely valley, glide away. The slight inconvenience of a week of life to which they had been unaccustomed, now only offered subjects of diversion, and the good-nature of their host compensated for many defects in his establishment. There was such pleasure in rambling among these romantic wilds: in seeking the variety of beautiful wild flowers which the season had scattered in rich luxuriance in their path—in climbing the neighboring heights, from which a more perfect view of the windings of the bright river, and the graceful outline of the blue mountains, might be obtained. The novelty of seeing

"The wild deer trick his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted seek his wilderness again,"

was to them full of romantic interest, and it was with some difficulty that Ellen could prevail on herself to part with a young fawn, which their host had found in his rambles, and with which he had presented her. The gentle creature looked so meek and affectionate as it fed from her hand. Often she determined to take it with her; but the inconvenience of such a *compagne de voyage* were represented in too strong a light to be disregarded, and little Fidele would, after her departure, probably find his way back to his native forest, though these host promised to cherish and keep him for her sake, until she should return at some future day to pay him another visit.

The salutary influence of these scenes, and the fresh breezes of the mountains, but still more the reviving power of renewed happiness, soon restored the rose to the cheek of Ellen, and her step regained its wonted elasticity. A few days sufficed to banish all traces of the indisposition which had awakened so many tender anxieties, and the light of her sunny smile once more imparted hope and joy to the hearts that delighted in its radiance.

The evening that preceded their departure from the valley, was one of peculiar loveliness. A recent fall of rain had raised the river beyond its usual fulness, but it was still bright and pure as ever, and the rich green of the flowering shrubs, that dipped their swooping branches into its waves, assumed a deeper tint. The moon was just rising "in cloudless blue," and threw her silvery light on the foaming spray that fell over the rocks, while above, the deep current reflected back her beams as from a mirror. The shadows of evening advanced, but the day had been warm, and the balmy air offered a temptation to an indulgence, which even Sir Frederick Lansdale, notwithstanding his scrupulous care of his health, had almost found unable to resist. They rambled slowly along their favorite pathway, remarking the beauty of the different objects in view, until a rustic seat, contrived by the ingenuity of their kind host, invited to a moment's repose.

"How tranquilly the moonlight sleeps upon that mirror-like sheet of water," said Ellen, pointing to the river almost at their feet. "It is beautiful and transparent enough to imagine it the abode of the water-sprites so charmingly described in the legends of Germany. I could almost imagine some lovely nymph beneath its waves."

"It would be strange," returned Sir Frederick with a smile, "if you should have power to conjure one up, for during the few moments of silence that succeeded your arrival in this spot, I imagined that I perceived some agitation in the water beyond, and a faint noise arrested my attention, though almost lost in the dashing of the falls below. There!—listen!" she continued.

Medwyn advanced more nearly to the water's edge; the waves became more agitated, and sparkled with yet greater brilliancy in the moon-beams. The wild legends of Germany seemed about to be realized, for a light female figure emerged from the waves, and presented itself to their astonished view. The long silvery tresses were saturated with water, and the clinging garments displayed in statue-like grace the symmetrical proportions of a perfect form. Medwyn recognised, at a glance, his countenance of the subterranean grotto. Nimasha, the Indian maiden, stood before him.

"There is evil awaiting there," she said to Medwyn, "and I come to warn thee. A dark stranger is near, who loves thee not. The vulture hath preyed on the warrior ere now, and yonder white dove might insure if thou wert his victim. He hath offered gold to Allanawissa for thy life—but the warrior scorned his bribe, even as the dark stranger scorned the poor Indian maiden. Yet his own evil eye is upon thee—I have warned thee, —remember!"

She was about to plunge again into the waves, when Medwyn arrested her, and addressing her in her own wild manner, he said,

"Why is Nimasha here, so far from the Eagle's nest? hath she left his shade?"

"The Eagle dwells not in caves," returned the Indian maiden. "Logan is near. He returns to his native home. He takes none save his daughter with him but poor Nimasha, whom he sheltered when she had none to pity her. When he is old, Nimasha will comfort him, and Allanawissa will protect him." As she said this her brilliant eyes were cast down—"Forget not," she resumed, "the warning I give thee—there is danger near."

As she spoke the last words, she plunged into the silvery stream, and at that moment a cloud passed over the face of the moon. The breezes swept it on, and the planet reappeared in all her glory, but the form of the Indian maiden had vanished.

Ellen listened with a shudder to the words of warning which Medwyn repeated, and even Sir Frederick Lansdale whose nerves were not so easily agitated, acknowledged that there was some cause for alarm, when they considered the desperate character of the "dark stranger," by whom they naturally conjectured Nimasha signified de Courcelle.

But amid the moonlight of the scenes which succeeded their sojourn in the valley, the circumstance just narrated faded away. They left their kind host, who parted with his visitors with undiminished regard, and returned toward a more cultivated region. A continuous rain accompanied their carriage, when they had accomplished only a part of their journey. It was tantalizing; for in those wilds, even when all around was refreshed to its usual brightness, the mountain streams did not subside at a passage.

"I am foul sometimes to pass away the time," said the host of the humble habitation in which they had found shelter for two days, and who seemed to comprehend the source of a rapid thought entertained but usually obtained understanding. "The moon is full to-night, and if you will trust to my guidance, I believe I can show you something that will be better worth looking at than the walls of my poor cottage."

"The offer of variety under such circumstances was too tempting to be refused, and with some anxiety they watched the aspect of the heavens, on which the promises of their host seemed partly to depend. The sun set in "the climate of purple and gold that on his western throne attend," and the full moon rose in cloudless splendor, and the dazzling reflection gave them almost the light of day.

Their host appeared with a smile of satisfaction on his rugged face.

"It is a glorious night for our purpose," he said, "I am ready to fulfil my promise."

His guests followed him as he silently stood before them over a rough pathway that led down a gradual descent. They walked on for some distance, when the rushing sound of water was heard.

"The stream shows the effect of the recent rain," said their host, as he paused to a brawling torrent at the foot of the descent, "it is not often so full as you see it now. The pathway is steep and rough just here," he continued, "but pause a moment, and look up,—perhaps you will be rewarded for your pains."

His guests had hitherto been so closely engaged in surmounting the difficulties of the pathway, that they had look—and but little thought on any other objects. They stood, at his request, breathless and hushed, and as they simultaneously obeyed the suggestion of their guide, exclamations of wonder and admiration burst from each lip.

A dark overhanging terrace lay below, in complete shade, leaving the imagination to picture whatever objects it might fancy amid its obscurity. Masses of foliage on either side of its inaccessible heights were partially illuminated by the light of the moon, and their shadows varying with every breath of the summer breeze that played gently through them. Then upon the contrast by the mass of solid rock, and the mass of foliage, resembling the aspect of part of some great cathedral, the clearness of moonlight in the place, which shone like the pale blue sky with the exception of some spotted through the opening above. The scene was lighted by daylight in almost invisible, descending from the vast height, and by this magic light shone the silver,—the awful stillness, unbroken by naught but the dashing of the torrent that swept through the valley below,—the faint outline of the distant mountains, all conspired to strike our travellers with mingled wonder and awe. They gazed in speechless admiration at the magnificent object before them, and almost startled at the voice of their guide, who first broke the silence that reigned throughout the scene.

"It is strange," he said, as a smile, mingled with a gloom of strength at the acknowledgment, he had exacted, passed over his face. "It is very strange, that with such bridges, travellers should be detained in this country by the swelling of a mountain stream."

His guests acknowledged the justice of his facetious remark, and offered him their united thanks for the delightful surprise he had prepared them. He waited with exemplary patience until they had viewed the glorious arch in all its different aspects, and until warmed at last, by the freshening breeze, of the expediency of a retreat, they slowly retraced their steps, resting, as they ascended the steep, many a "lingering look behind."

An irresistible impulse led Medwyn to take another view of this splendid arch after parting with his loved companions for the night. A guide was unnecessary, for the path-way was traced with sufficient distinctness to prevent any fear of being lost in the maze of the forest. He found his way with ease back to the spot from which their host had first awakened their attention to the magnificent scene before them, and leaned against a projecting rock, to survey it more at leisure.

While he was thus contemplating this wonder of nature, and while his thoughts were rising in grateful adoration to that Almighty Being whose majesty and grandeur are equalled only by his love, what was passing through the dark spirit that was hovering near him? On the summit of that superb arch stood de Courville, revolving in his mind the portentous thoughts of ambition,—of hatred,—of revenge,—that chased each other through it like the demons of a region of despair.

"I was bereft of reason," he muttered to himself, "to seek to entrust to such hands a deed which my own should alone perform. Yet it would have been a source of stern satisfaction to know that he died by the hand of a savage. The foul fiend seed on me with his dark eye, as if I had proposed the deed to one who could have lost caste by its execution, or purchase his ire was kindled by the contempt with which I spoke of Nonamba. But why should I waste my thoughts on such beings!—time presses,—the deed must be done. Rash, haughty youth,—then that hast crossed my path at every turn,—on this spot do I renew my vow of vengeance against thee! Thou shalt die!"

A flush of rage rose to his brow, as he grasped the instrument of death concealed in his breast. He turned on his heel to leave the spot, when suddenly he found himself arrested by a grasp like that of a giant, and the dark eye of Allanawissa glared on his own. An echo of his last words rang in his ear, "*vengeance against thee! Thou shalt die!*" With all the strength of desperation he struggled to free himself from that deadly embrace.—It was in vain,—he felt himself borne as if by Herculean strength to the brink of the tremendous precipice. Nearer, and nearer, he approached the place of death;—his own words again rang in his ear,—"on this spot do I renew my vow of vengeance against thee!—Thou shalt die!"

A loud crashing sound, as if from the falling of some weight from above the arch he was contemplating, awoke the schemes, and fell with startling force on Medwyn's ear. A moment passed, and the torrent swept by, bearing on its troubled waters a human body. The bright moonlight shone for an instant on the features, and Medwyn recognised the retributive justice of offended Heaven, as that momentary gleam revealed the dark brow of de Courville!"

If the Virginian ladies are able to write in this style, one cannot but regret that they do not more frequently give the public the benefit of it, in the same neat and elegant book form, in which the publishers have published the Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe.

"Be Strong for God when your old Bishop's dead."

BY MRS. SHOUBERY.

The following piece of poetry was written on some words spoken by the late Reverend Bishop Mosse to his clergy on his decease. The lines are peculiarly appropriate now that the "good old father" has gone to his rest.

They chanter'd round, that listening throng
The parting hour drew nigh
And heighten'd feeling, deep and strong,
Spoke forth from eye to eye.

For reverend in his beauty year,
A white-robed ordinate band,
And trembling pathos wing'd his words,
As to the heart they went.

With saintly love he urged the crowd
Salvation's hope to gain;
While, gathering o'er his furrow'd cheek,
The tears fell down like rain.

He waved his hand and music woke
Its sweetest strains to cheer,
His favorite hymn swelled high, and filled
The consecrated fane.

Then from the hallow'd chancel forth
With faltering step, he speed,
And to each land a father's hand
He every priestly bestowed.

And breathed the blessing of his God
And, full of meekness, said,
"Be faithful in your master's work
When your old Bishop's dead.

"For more than fifty years, my son,
A Saviour's love supreme
I into a cruel world, hath been
My unchanged theme.

"Now, see, the blossoms of the grave
Are o'er my temples spread,
Oh! lead the seeking soul to Him
When your old Bishop's dead.

"He waved the holy Sabbath-eve
On toward the midnight hour
Before the spell-bound throng received
To slumber's soothing powers

Yet many a sleeper, and he dream,
Behold in snowy state,
That patriarch-prelate a bending form,
Whose accents stir'd the soul.

In under the summer moth rose,
Sweet, sweet, the gentle guest,
Forth from these hospitable dome
With tender memories pressed.

While o'er the broad and winding lake
Which, like a heart doth pour
A living tide, in countless streams
Through the Virginian shore

Grey Rappahannock's fringed brow,
Over each Roman of verdure, rose
On where the lofty mountains James-
Rolls on with measure's pride.

The boats that ask not oar nor star,
With speed magnetic glide
And many a thoughtful pastor bent
To silence o'er their side

And while he seems to scan the flood,
In silver wrath his spread
Resolves the charge, "Be strong for God
When your old Bishop's dead!"

Murat, King of Naples.

Murat, King of Naples, Napoleon's brother-in-law, was also so remarkable a character during the stirring wars of the Revolution, that some account of his peculiarities seems desirable. Early as the battles of Millesimo and Montenotte, in 1796, he was Napoleon's adjutant, and, by his intrepidity and daring, contributed not a little to the triumph of that memorable campaign. It was by these qualities, as well as his handsome figure and dashing manners, that he laid the foundation of the reputation which gained for him the attention of the Emperor's sister, and by winning her hand, led to his brilliant fortune and elevation to the throne of Naples. Nor was he moral in many respects inferior to his fortune. His piercing coup d'œil, his skill in judging of the positions of the enemy, his chivalrous demeanor when leading his troops into battle; his calm intrepidity in the midst of the most appalling dangers; his tall figure and noble carriage as well as unsurpassable seat on the saddle, gave him a right to be called the knight par excellence of a form of romance not less than the character of a Bretonne cavalry officer. At the head of his gallant cuirassiers, he heeded no danger, over every obstacle he rushed, and, when the metallic hardhead threw himself into the midst of the hostile array, where he hardly ever failed to achieve the most dazzling exploits. In Napoleon's earlier campaigns in Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau, Murat was always at the head of so numerous a body of horse, as to render success almost a matter of certainty, and it was to the weight of this formidable phalanx, generally eighteen or twenty thousand strong, that the emperor mainly trusted for the gaining as well as completion of his victories. But Murat's genius and daring in the field were equally conspicuous when he had no such superiority to confer the advantage. Napoleon's sense of these qualities induced him to overlook his desertion of his post after the Russian retreat, and subsequent advances towards the Allies; and his home, emerge even apparent with brighter lustre than when he threw a last radiance over the victories of the emperor at Dresden, and stemmed the torrent of disaster at Leipsic.

The external appearance of Napoleon formed a strange contrast to that of his royal brother-in-law. With they rode together along the front of the Imperial guard, Murat was conspicuous as the commanding figure, his superb theatrical costume, the spiendid trapping and beautiful figure of his horse, and the imposing military dignity of his air and bearing, contrasted strangely, but characteristically, with the three-cornered hat, iron-shod leather leggins, large boots, coarse coat and figure, and carelessness and awkwardness of the emperor. Murat was the representative of Napoleon. The imposing aspect of Murat was, however, weakened, rather than heightened, by the rich and fantastic dress which he wore. Dark whiskers on his face contrasted with piercing blue eyes; his abundant black locks spread over the neck of a splendid Polish dress open above the shoulders; the collar was richly adorned with gold lace, and from a splendid girdle of the material hung a light sabre, straight as the blade, after the manner of the ancient Romans, with the hilt set in diamonds. Wide pantaloons of a purple or scarlet color, richly embroidered with gold, and boots of yellow leather, completed this singular costume, which resembled rather the gorgeous trappings of the melodrama than the comparatively simple uniform of modern times. But his greatest distinction was a large three-cornered hat, surmounted by a profusion of magnificent white ostrich feathers rising from a broad gold band, which encircled besides a superb heron plume. His noble charger was set off with gorgeous bridle and stirrups, richly gilt after the Turkish fashion, and enveloped in trappings of azure blue, the tint of the Italian sky, which also was the prevailing color of his liveries. Above this fantastic but dazzling attire, he wore in cold weather a magnificent pelisse of dark green velvet, lined and fringed with the richest sables."—*Alison.*

A Sketch.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

She was not made for happiness, her eyes
Were all too soft and deep,
Shade mixed with shade, and yet there was in them
Of April, when they weep.

Yet when she spoke, with earnest eloquence
The soul beneath them burned,
As if her thoughts, concentrated and intense,
Them into stars had turned.

She was not made for happiness, her brow
Had line of early thought,
Traced even in childhood's sunny time, and now
Still deeply deeper wrought.

And her sweet lips! they were not classified for sa,
Such as the conjugal knows—
The quivering smile, that oddness which is at chorus,
Hang o'er their rose.

She was not made for happiness, too much
She felt for others' woe,
What to another's heart was but a touch
Here rent a cruel blow.

Too late of suffering, too alive to disease
But found an echo there—
A wounded bird, a broken flower—even these
Her sympathy might share.

She was not made for happiness and yet
How much of ours she made
With her unmingled anguish and regret.
We may her drooping fade.

Suffering had ever seemed her birthright dower,
Years of sad pain were a's
And we knew that her fair and fragile flower,
Even for this the more.

But, standing by her dying bed, we felt
A better prospect dawn
A mind around her spirit, seemed to melt,
A curtain was withdrawn.

Bright happy glances from her eyes, were cast
Unto the summer sky—
Ah! none she knew her own true element,
The better world on high!

And hopefully she spake, and happily,
Of communings with God—
Of light and glory, that we could not see
Upon the path she trod.

A setting sunbeam from her closely lot
At length broke brightly forth—
Oh! she was made for happiness—but not
The happiness of earth.

The Waterloo Lion.

The Pecayune tells the following excellent story. A big-whiskered and broad-shouldered son of the Emerald Isle set with a party of friends and admirers to see the celebrated Lion with stories of his travels, "founded on fact," but elaborately embellished by a very prolific fancy.

Alone, at a table near, sat another running descendant of Brian Boroihme, engaged upon regaling *de omelette*, and listening in great edification to his countryman's extraordinary talent for extemporaneous romance.

"Mad that Blucher's ball be after me!" said the story-teller, "if I wasn't shot three times through the body at Waterloo; and, by the holy poker! the three balls that went through me rolled out of me on the other side, in a state of fusion, from the heat I was in!"

"Holy mother, hear him!" ejaculated aloud the solitary Irishman, lifting his knife and fork in the air, and fixing his eyes on the ceiling.

"What's that you say, sir?" enquired the hero of Waterloo, with a most ferocious and annihilating stare at his neighbor.

"Devil a word have I uttered, sir," said the disbelieving Irishman, ringing a very grave bow of respect with so droll a manner as fairly gave the lie to his words.

"That's enough, sir," returned the gentleman whose honor that was so roughly pulled in question, forthwith he proceeded with his fancy work, seemingly determined, after the interruption, to astonish his near neighbor still more.

"But, gentlemen, that's not half so curious as what followed; for, true as this French gold is genuine and unadulterated logwood and vinegar, the sword in my hand got so hot that the temper went out of it as well as myself, and when I hit my twenty-ninth man on the head, the blade had become so soft that it turned into a corkscrew, and I pulled the Frenchman's head off just like a cork from a claret-bottle!"

"Mother of Moses! hear that!" exclaimed the other Irishman, over his mutton.

"I beg your pardon, but I think you made an observation," said the herculean son of the sod, again laboriously turned and darting a withering frown at his neighbor.

"Devil a word came from my lips!" escape Pat, in the same droll and contradictory manner he had used before.

"That's enough, sir," said the Irish lion of Waterloo, and on he went, relating his achievements.

"By the immortal Saint Dominick! thirteen cuirassiers made by myself upon that field of Waterloo, have since made love to me; and soldier as I am, I'm ashamed to say it, for a soldier should be a soldier in love as well as war, I can assay from the thirteen, only twelve of them are now uncontaminated bachelors, after breaking the heads of a dozen French regiments, and the hearts of thirteen officers' wives."

"Now, I'm satisfied!" exclaimed the facetously irrelevant party of the second part, pausing suddenly and dashing down his knife and fork.

"What's that, sir?" roared the lion, also pausing in his career that from his gigantic stature to thread his mere into the other gentleman's face.

"I say I'm satisfied, sir, as I'm sure I ought to be, after clearing off that plate of mutton!"

"Devil a word of it, sir, I'm of your opinion," said the military gentleman from Waterloo, "that you don't believe what I've been saying!"

"Truth I do, there—every word of it, and I'll wager you a small roll of Second Mississippi paper, that there is not another gentleman present dare say a word!"

"That's enough, sir!" said the lion.

"I'm satisfied!" said the lamb; and several gentlemen went to adjusting their mouths with the waiters.

The Belle of Limerick.

There is a curious and interesting tradition connected with the belle of Limerick Cathedral. The story is prettily told and will bear repetition. They were, it is said, brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native who gave partly proof of the successful result of years of anxious toil expended in their production. They were subsequently purchased by the priest of a neighboring convent, and with the profits of this sale he contrived to build a little aisle, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of gazing out in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not long to continue. In some of those feuds, whether civil or foreign, which are the curses of Ireland in the peace of a foreign land, the good priest was a sufferer among many. He had his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself a wanderer on the earth, and a prey to sorrow, friendless and poor. The convent in which the bells, the *chefs d'œuvre* of his skill were hung, was ravaged to the earth, and the bells were carried away by the victors. The unfortunate priest was robbed by his memories and deserted by his hopes, become a wanderer over Europe. His hair was gray, and his head whitened, before he again found a home and a friend. In the desolations of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which the treasures of his memory were finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, and proceeded up the Shannon. The vessel anchored in the quay near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him, and he heard St. Mary's steeple tolling its terrified head above the smoke and roof of the old town. He sat on the stern and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening as calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native lakes the an actual time of the year—the death of the spring.

The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, as the little vessel glided through it. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral. The priest crossed on their cars, and the vessel sped forward as to the impulse it had received. The aged Italian looked too and the city, crossed his breast, and lay back on his seat, hence, happiness, early reflections, friends, family, all were in the sound, and went it with his heart. When the oarsmen looked round, they beheld him with his face turned towards the cathedral, but his eye was closed, and when they turned to him he was dead.—Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Hall's Ireland.

THE LOTTERIES.—It is said that the Priests Hospitals have decreased eight hundred, and that the Lotteries, which are the "life blood" of the beautiful proportions of nations, are hereafter to be the standard of fashions, for ladies' waists—instead of the wasp, long glass, &c.

Round the hand embrace we hail, valiee and see.
The tape strings are broken, and the women are free!

THE RESULT VS. THE BAR.—At Mt. Vernon, Ky. some time since, a judge seized a bench five feet long, and flogged a contumacious lawyer in fine style. The latter bolted that it took the whole menace of his ancient Roman, with the bolt set in

Punctuation.

An officer on board a frigate after scolding a sailor for a blunder which he had committed, told him to say that he was such a *nondescript* he didn't know what to do with him. "Nondescript," muttered Wilkins, walking away, "what does that mean? It's something bad, I know. Here Billy," he continued, as he fell in with his messmates, "can you tell me what a *nondescript* means?" Billy scratched his head, but was only able to say that it "meant something bad, for it had it in its very sound." "Call old Larkin," said Smith, breaking into the dialogue, "he knows more words than any man in the ship." So Larkin was called in—who, by the way, knew much more about ropes than Latin derivatives. But his ready tact and shrewdness often helped him where his phylology failed. "What is the meaning," enquired Wilkins, "of nondescript? Can you tell us that? said show your learning, if you have got any." "Nondescript," replied Larkin, after a moment's grave pause, "nonsiscript means one who goes to church without being regularly entered on the books." "Well, if that is what it means," said Wilkins, "then I'll not quarrel about that. I believe he glad to bring up there, poor sinner as I am, even without his nondescript; and for the nonsense."

There is more practical sense in this remark of the simple sailor, than at first meets the eye. Many think and dispute so much about the "regular book part of the business," they almost forget what lies beyond. They resemble travellers, who should stop to criticise the lettering of a guide board, instead of obeying its direction, and pushing on to the end of their journey.

Dangers of Propinquity.

Oh! tell me not of dark eyes swimming in their own ethereal sweetness, of the rose of pouting lips, of glossy ringlets, of taper fingers, and well-rounded instep! speak not to me of soft voices, whose seductive sounds ring sweetly in our hearts! preach not of those thousand womanly graces so dear to every man, and doubly to him who lives apart from all their influences and their fascinations; neither dwell upon congenial temperament, similarity of taste, of disposition and of thought; these are not the great rocks a man runs in life. Of all the temptations, strong as these may be, there is one greater than these, all, and that is propinquity.

Show me the man who has ever stood this test—show me the man, deserving the name of such, who has become daily and hourly exposed to the attacking artillery of flashing eyes, of soft voices, of winning smiles and of kind speeches, and who has not fallen—and that too soon, too—a breach within the rampart of his heart! He may, it is true,—nay, he will in many cases—make a bold and vigorous defence—sometimes will he re-entrench himself within the stockades of his prudence—but, alas! it is only to defer the moment when he must lay down his arms. He may like a wise man who sees his fate inevitable, make a virtue of necessity and surrender at discretion; or, like a craftily disposed man, he may decline before him, under the cover of the night, he may make a *sortie* from the garrison, and run for his life. Ignominious as such a course must be, it is often the only one left.—*Charles O'Malley.*

Lawler's Soliloquy.

Among the dry quaint, and philosophical scenes with which Mr. Neal's recent volumes of "Charcoal Sketches" abounds, we think the following soliloquy of a lawler, who had been sleigh-riding and got "upset" in a snowbank:

"It's a man's natur, I believe, and we can't help it, no how. As for me, I wish I was a pig; there's some sense in being a pig wot's fit. Pigs don't have to mind their P's and Q's. Pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their dadies, cut up, run, or be, get into scrapes, and make natural fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people, and good citizens, though they ain't got no wote. And then they don't get up in the morning, and go out of bed mornings, when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patching their own pants; they don't scour old hats on their hands, nor have they to ask people's leave to get up to see a fire, or pigs. My eyes! if I was a jolly fat pig, belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me, wise was President. Who ever could give a pig a black eye? Who ever could make a pig wear a head wot got checked out of a sleigh? Pigs has too much sense to go a rainin', if so be as they can help it. I wished I was one, and out of this scrape. I tell you pigs has their troubles like humans's; constipations catches 'em; dogs bites 'em; pigs is sometimes done over suckers, as men. But pigs never runs their own names into scrapes, cowskin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never was a pig go the whole hog in my life, wot upon mun cherrine."

From the N. O. Picayune.

The Pestilence.

Welcome, O welcome, consolatory tempest
Wind of the winter, welcome once again!
Now should the fever-fiend, with fiery breath
And fell as lately dropped our fellow-men
O listen, ye, whose business have been long!
Still faintly falling in the distance heard
Upon the pinions of the winter breeze
Lest ye be repeats of Pestilence!

Sadly and awfully the sound comes
And yet stange joy is mingled in its tones
Like notes of triumph, while the entire hearts
Clinging to proud hearts his dying manner
Ah, there are tears that flow not yet be dried.
Ah, there are hearts that are not yet bereaved
Yet to be cast from mortality's arms
Thy form among us from the gent mansion

Farewell, ye atoms into dust resolved
Ye travellers thro' desolate doors
Ye who with health and hope and passion turned
And lived and moved among us remorseless
Have ye—well! The stern angel shall weep
Over those peopled cemeteries alone
Where silently, in cold obstruction sleep
The stricken victims of the pestilence

The mourning moon drooping from the [illegible]
Around the dwelling places of the dead
And in the low and [illegible] high
Sad, sad, and [illegible] the [illegible]
The graceful shade of the palmetto fade
Over lonely graves, as the [illegible]
Death there, within the cold sepulchral [illegible]
For priority swept off by pestilence

O [illegible] And [illegible] [illegible]
To prove [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Ye [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Calm them to bliss or form to [illegible]
O! thou Eternal Wisdom, [illegible] in [illegible]
And to transcendant majesty [illegible]
Soaring and moving every thing [illegible]
Shall pitying remember [illegible]

Fare ye gone! Again the stricken hand [illegible]
Upon the atmosphere is still with health
And the gay mirth is wonted with [illegible]
That had again prosperity and wealth
Fare ye gone! The pestilence is [illegible]
The healthful breeze sweeps the desolate [illegible]
And tears are already sets upon
The land late smitten by the pestilence

Debt of England.

Every country of Europe is accumulating debt, every one is anticipating its income, and the results must be convulsions, sooner or later, but inevitable. Our neighbors are in a fair way to follow the example of their transactions of all kinds, will make bankruptcy a refuge. But bankruptcy is run in for as it goes—is the ruin of individuals and the repudiation will spread the ruin to the other. England has unquestionably sustained a weight of debt astonishing to all who were ignorant of the resources hidden in freedom. But, while every country of the continent would long since have bankrupted, England goes by the mere pressure of a little part of such national debt, that debt is the great calamity of England; the great source of those perpetual disturbances which show the disorganized state of the country, the cause of that strange and desperate poverty which, in one of the most fertile and lovely countries of the world, often places the free peasant of England below the comforts of the free-born slave; the great cause of those unquiet and subterranean fires which burst up in Chartism and Socialism, and the hundred other wild and ominous disturbances of general and. To what conclusions the formidable fact may cause, lattice it is conjecture. But to diminish the public debt of England, should be the grand object of every man who deserves to preside in the country, and to utilize its increase should be regarded with the sacred duty of the individual high treasure to the empire.—*Blackwood.*

A Captain's Literature.

There is a story told about Captain D. which we think is too good to be lost. He has become popular on the river as a commander, and was about to take charge of a new boat, one of the handsomest that had ever been built in the West. On the evening preceding the morning she was to leave port, he was induced by one of his cronies to visit his house, where there was to be a party of ladies, some of whom were to be his passengers on the voyage. The Captain felt a little queer about going; he was more at home on the hurricane deck, or the social hall of the boat, than in the drawing-room among ladies. He summoned up courage, went, however, and was introduced to the company.

"Captain D." said one of the lady passengers, "you must be a happy man, to be the owner of so beautiful a boat."

"She is a beautiful boat, madam," said the captain, a deck.

He was "in boat" as long as the conversation was about steamboats.

"Captain D." said a student lady, a blue-stocking of the Lydia Languish type, "what do you think of the immortal Shakspeare?"

"Think, madam!